Kashmir Sabha Annual

AUGUST 15, 1961.



Martand Temple, Kashmir (An ancient monument)

MESSAGES



Bakshi Gulam Mohammad,
Prime Minister of Jammu & Kashmir.

I am glad to know that the Kashmir Sabha, Calcutta, is bringing out a special issue of its journal on the occasion of the Independence Day Anniversary. I send my goodwishes to the Sabha.

Pt. S. L. Saraf,
Industries and Commerce Minister,
Jammu and Kashmir.

It has given me immense pleasure to know that Kashmir Sabha, Calcutta is bringing out annual number of their monthly publication 'News and Views' on the Independence Day.

The authors of the said publication deserve a warm tribute for their zealous work to keep alive the cultural and social traditions of Kashmiris in the Eastern part of the Country. I have had many occasions to visit Calcutta and I was greately impressed to see the way in which Kashmiris are trying to live upto their traditions even if they are thousands of miles away from their Home State. I am sure the efforts of the Kashmir Sabha will be crowned with success in their mission to establish closer contacts with their compatriots who inhabit this part of the country. I wish the Sabha best of success and trust that this organisation will grow in stature and be more useful to their brethren in the days to come.

Pt. Sheo Narain Fotedar,

Chairman,
Legislative Council, Kashmir.

It gives me great pleasure to learn that the Calcutta Kashmir Sabha is bringing out an Annual Number of its Monthly 'News and Views' on the Independence Day. Last year also this Association of Kashmiris in Calcutta had done quite a good bit of job when they brought out their Annual Number. I liked it very much and it indicated their immense love for the culture and civilization which is and has been the proud heritage of Kashmiris. The Calcutta Kashmir Sabha has developed itself into a meaningful and a substantial mucleus round which the Kashmiris in Calcutta hover and derive satisfaction for their yearnings towards the development of an organized behaviour of life based on a concept of love, understanding, brother-hood and co-operation. Kashmir, as history reveals very abundantly, has been a forerunner in fields of culture, education, civilization, friendliness and communal harmony and it is really in the fitness of things that this Annual Number of the Monthly 'News and Views' is being brought out on the Independence Day when India of which Kashmir is an integral part became free and opened up venues of economic and social development before the teeming millions of India. I congratulate the Calcutta Kashmir Sabha for the excellent way they are conducting their association and the meaningful purpose that is served by it and for the excellent attempt of bringing out the Annual Number of Monthly News and Views once again.

FOREWORD

February, the nineteenth, 1956, is a red-letter day in the social life of Kashmiri Pandit Community of Calcutta, for it was on this day that Kashmir Sabha was born. The Sabha was formed to fulfil the long felt need for an association which could provide a common meeting ground and enthuse a spirit of oneness amongst the members of the Baradari, thereby enabling them to share each other's joy and sorrow.

Five and a half years constitute but a speck in the history any institution. But even in this short span the Sabha, through its manifold activities, has made itself felt.

On August 15, 1959, the Sabha started a monthly bulletin "News and Views" which is since then being sent to all the members of Baradari in Eastern India and other places. Last year on the completion of one full year of its publication we brought out an Annual Number. The same was received well all over the country.

In "News and Views" the members visualise the beginning of an endeavour to help the Baradari in finding its social and cultural moorings which at present seem to have been lost. These are high expectations and almost overwhelming for a humble beginning that we have made. What will, however, sustain us in the feeling that each individual member of the Baradari is interested in it and will lend his helping hand.

Today, on this auspicious occasion of the 14th Independence Day anniversery we present our second Annual to the Baradari. While it begins with a study of Kashmirs' contribution to literature and architecture, the attempt has been made to focus attention on some social problems and other stresses and strains on our community. The success, if any, of this effort is in the main due to our distinguished contributors. They are all men busy in their own avocations and have made it possible to write at short notice. We value this kind thought and this courtesy very greatly.

The Annual, we hope, will be found interesting and useful by our readers.

M. K. Raina
EDITOR,
KASHMIR SABHA ANNUAL.

KASHMIR SABHA ANNUAL

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Editor : M. K. RAINA • *Associate Editor* : U. KAUL

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The views expressed are those of the Authors and not necessarily of the Sabha.

ADVERTISERS

Kashmir's Contribution To Sanskrit Poetry.

BY P. N. PUSHP, SRINAGAR

It is, indeed, a grim irony that most of the writers referred to by Kshamendra and Mankha as their predecessors or contemporaries are to-day mere names for us. Thus we hear of a mahakavi Chandra flourishing in the reign of Tunjina or Ranaditya (C. 319 A. D.), whose plays attracted large audiences from amongst all classes of people ; and Abhinava Gupta refers to him as a fine playwright. Yet no work of his has come down to us.

Another great poet whose works must have positively enriched Sanskrit poetry is Mentha or Bhartrmentha, a rare genius, as is borne out by the stray verses of his, preserved for us by Kshemendra and a few anthologists. His Mahakavya or the court-epic, havagrivavadha, was held in high esteem even by his royal patron Matrigupta, a poet himself.

More than a dozen enlightened rulers of Kashmir are said to have made a mark in the domain of Sanskrit poetry too ; and against the background of this royal participation in Kashmir's literary activity it is not difficult for us to grasp the significance of Bilhana's remark that in Kashmir poetry grew as luxuriantly kumkuma or the saffron.

The court epic flourished in Kashmir even after its decline in other parts of India. The reign of Avantivarman (9th cent.) gave a fillip to it ; as is clear from the works of Ratnakara and Shivaswamin and also from the works of Kalhana that Shankuka's bhuvanabhyudaya was a historical poem on the fierce battle between Mama and Utpala (c. 850 A. D.) in which the flow of the Vitasta was held up with the corpses of the valient warriors falling on the battle-field.

Ratnakara's haravijaya describes in fifty cantos the triumph of Hara over a demon and employees a large variety of metres matching the sound to the sense. Shiva again appears as the hero of the Shrikantha-charita of Mankha (12th cent.) who seems to have led a tirade against the decorative artifices of Court poetry such as abounding in the Ravanarjuniya of Bhaumika who imitated tha bhattikavya with pretty success. The assembly of poets and scholars, to which he submitted his own composition for unbiassed criticism, duly recognised his poetic excellence. A century letter Jayaratha ingeniously wove a number of shaiva myths and legends into a thirty-two canto kavya, the haracharitachintamani.

A Buddhist legend forms the main theme of Shivaswamin's kapphinabhyudaya in which the Buddha intervenes in a feud between two neighbouring kings. Shivaswamin's description of the enraged assembly is very spirited. The chieftains wring their hands in fury at aggressive designs of the foe, protest against the policy of procrastination and apathy and plead for an immediate drastic action.

Better known than Shivaswamin, however, in Bilhana who left Kashmir in about 1015 A. D. and rose to the pinnacle of glory at the court of the Chalukya king in

Karnataka, whom he seeks to immortalise in his Vikramankadevacharita. With all its shortcomings as a historical document this work of his is the first Sanskrit poem available with a historical approach; and seems to have served as model for Jalhana's somapalacharitam written in memory of the Governor of Rajapuri (modern Rajauri). Bilhana excelled in the vaidarbhi style noted for its lucidity and elegance which he righty characterised as a spontanious flow of embrosia for the ears'.

His descriptions ars generally charming and true to life as, for instance, that of his own village Khonmusha (modern Khonmuh) or that of Ahavamalla's death; which is a fine piece of simple pathos.

The emotional richness of his is, however, at its best in his chaurapanshika, a masterpiece of elegant lyricism. Each stanza beginning with adyapi, an enchanting word of reminiscence, depicts in simple melody, an amorous scene of the lover's romantic past, against which the pathos of a love-lorn heart becomes all the more haunting. Here is an unforgettable picture, though a little blurred in translation:

"Even to-day, I see her
Confused and bashful,
love-lorn and bewitching,
her hair standing on end;
looking behind the scenes into
the mirror
while I stood still beside her."

As to the development of the lyric, mention may also be made of Utpaladeva's shivastotravali (10th Century)—a fine collection of Shaiva hymns synthesising philosophical subtlety with devotional fervour; and also of the Bhallatashataka which evinces happy blend of keen observation and pithy utterence. The reflective songs of Abhinova in spite of their mystical content are characterised by a robust outlook on life, epitomised in a brilliant line of his:

"Renounce naught, embrace nothing,
enjoy thyself unruffled
howsoever circumstanced thou be!"

This spiritual lyricism reappeared centuries latter in the Stutikusumanjali of Jagaddhara and became rather too elaborate in Sahibi Kaula's; hymns and litanies.

Over and above the poets and their poetry talked of so far, it was in the XI and XII Centuries that Kashmir made the most substantial contribution to Sanskrit poetry.

Kshemendra (990-1065 A. D.) who was almost as versatile a genius as his preceptor, the celebrated Abhinavaguptacharya (10th century) covers a large variety of topics and aspects of life and literature in over thirty works. His Brihatkatha is surpassed in craftsmanship alone by the Kathasaritasagara of Somadeva, a junior contemporary of his, who about 1070 A. D. presented to the world one of the greatest collections of tales. Somadeva's power of telling story in a clear, entertaining and absorving way is only equalled by the richness and diversity of the subject-matter'. Yet, Kshemendra's contribution to Sanskrit verse stands out unique in one respect. Earlier poetry offers no better than a few scattered bits of social satire.

Kshmendra was a sharp critic of men and matters and, at the same time, possessed not only a keen sense of humour, but also an uncanny nack of presentation and wit which sharpens the edge of sarcasm.

His mastery over langnage and idiom further equipped him for the difficult task of depicting the bunglings of the Kayastha bureaucracy, with a view to putting an end to the social malady caused by the system.

In the black drop of ink dripping from the tip of the unrelenting Kayastha's pen, Kshmendra rightly sees the collyrium-tinged tears of national glory lamenting her sad lot, and asking in despair :

"Where will you go my folk,
now that the wicked and mean upstart
drunken with wealth
has occupied the chair !"

Kshmendra exposes all sort of sham and hypocracy whether religious, social or political. The orthodox Brahmin showing off his piety on the hanks of the Vitasta, a medical, literary or musical quack playing upon the credulity of his victims, an unchaste woman praying upon yong and old, a carefree student indulging in voluptuous ventures ; and a state official making hay while the sun shines —all are very vividly depicted or realistically caricatured by him, against the background of social objectivity.

Among other brilliant pieces of his poetry mention may be made of : the sad plight of a job-hunter knocking at the doors in humiliation ; the touching caricature of a teacher and his family rotting in penury, the revealing cartoon of a hoarder dancing in glee whenever there is a flood or the rains fail; the frustration of an old man in his dotage marrying an innocent little virgin ; the fine sketch of a money-lender hoodwinking a needy peasant ; or the vivid portrait of an upstart scholar suffering from the fever of snobbery and jealousy.

It appears that the lost nripavali of Kshemendra which Kalhna consulted but did not very much admire as history, must have been rich in such candid and realistic depiction of the grim socio-political life of the country ; and Kalhana, Jonaraja, Shrivara and others seem to have taken the cue from him, no doubt.

Kalhana's historical sense and sharp critical talent are only matched by his flexible imagination and fine sensiblity. He is fully conscious of his responsibility as a historian, but all the same he bows to the innate greatness of the poet's creative faculty.

The missing jayasimhabhyudaya of his must have been a historical poem of great merit ; for he was the last person to put up with far-fetched exaggeration and sycophancy. His chronicle is enlivened with the glimpses of the socio-political set-up of his time, and numerous are the realistic pictures of the distress caused by famine, flood and frost, as well as by the avaricious opportunists, unscrupulous self-seekers and wicked mischief-mongers that ruined the lovely land of which he sang that :

"Lofty abodes of learning, saffron,
icy water and grapes
that heaven can ill-afford,
are found in abundance, here"

Kalhana's tradition was taken up by Jonaraja in his second Rajatarangini about three centuries later with admirable efficiency. He seems to have secured better intensity in his work perhaps because of the narrower range of his chronicle which is more or less an account of the earlier period of the enlightened Zainulabidin's

reign, against the gruesome back-ground of his predecessor's bigotry and the depredations by marauders like Zulqadrakhan and desperadoes like Renchan.

Unfortunataly Jonaraja left his chronicle unfinished but his brilliant pupil, Shrivara who was a very close associate of the king, wrote the III Rajatarangini which, at times very closely approaches the sublimity of Kalhana's chronicle; and is a rich store of apt and effective descriptions of bewitching land-scapes, pleasure trips, social festivals, bitter quarrels and fateful mishaps.

Shrivara had the additional advantage of being a scholar of Persian and Arabic too. His kathakautuka is sanskrit rendering of Mulla Jami's romantic masterpiece, yusaf-zulaikha. Shrivara has very successfully adapted the persian conceit to the needs of the Sanskrit Atisayokti (hyperbole) and domiciled the alien idiom, and rendered the persian mystical tradition of discerning the real in the phenomenal in the true Indian fashion.

No other poet after him seems to have attempted such a synthesis of the Persian and Sanskrit romances; but the tradition of writing poetic chronicles lingered on till the conquest of Kashmir by Akbar in about 1586 A. D.

Archaeological Remains Of Kashmir

BY P. N. GANHAR, NEW DELHI.

One of the very first objects which attracts attention on approaching the capital of Kashmir is the ancient temple crowning the Shankaracharya hill. This is perhaps as it should be. For Kashmir abounds in archaeological monuments and remains. In fact, as you enter Srinagar, you find by the side of the road an old stone temple in a fairly good state of preservation. This is the temple at Pandrethan which was the Asokan capital of Kashmir.

Kashmir is one of those fortunate regions for which we have connected historical record from very early times. Some of the ancient remains in the Valley go back still further to dim antiquity. Thus the Megaliths situated on the plateau Burzahom, some ten miles northeast of Srinagar, belong to the period of pre-history. The Kashmir archaeologist, Ramachandra Kak who first noticed them in his "Archaeological Monuments of Kashmir" placed their number at eleven. Only five of them were there more or less erect ; the rest had fallen. Excavations carried out at the site by de Terra and Patterson some years ago, and by the Archaeological Department of the Government of India more recently have brought to light important evidence about the pre-historic pit dwellers in the country. Professor Humayun Kabir, Minister of Scientific Research and Cultural affairs, Government of India, told the Central Archaeological Advisory Board at Baroda in October, 1960, that the excavations had yielded perhaps the first evidence of the pre-historic pit dwellers in India. They also revealed new facets of the Neolithic and later cultures and, according to Professor Kabir, we might have to look for the affinities of these new facets beyond the frontiers of India.

Among the other pre-historic remains found in different parts of the Valley are stone implements and fossils some of the latter being of substantial proportions.

A remarkable feature of Kashmir's long and chequered history is the intimate association of the mountaingirt valley with the heart of India at the best of times. The celestial valley was included in the empire of Asoka and the Kushans. It had intimate connections with the Guptas and later on formed part of the Mughal Empire. This brought it within the ambit of imperial patronage. As a matter of fact some of the most notable edifices in the Valley were erected during their rules.

Asoka, for instance, is known to have erected a large number of viharas and stupas. Four of the Asokan stupas existed till the time of Hiuen Tsang's visit, i.e. about eight centuries after their erection. According to Kalhana's Rajatarangani, the Chaitya in the Dharamaranya Vihara built by the celebrated Emperor near Vernag was so lofty that the eye could not see the extent of its height.

Asoka's patronage was not confined to Buddhism alone which he professed but also to the other prevailing faith in the valley in his time : Shaivism. He erected two Shiva temples in Bijbihara, a village twenty-eight miles from Srinagar.

But no trace of Asokan temples or Viharas exists now. A number of images, including

a life-size statue of the Buddha have in recent years been excavated from the ancient Asokan capital Srinagari (corresponding to the present-day Pandrethan) but these could not be ascribed to him or his times.

Asoka's successor in Kashmir— Jalauka, who according to Kalhana, was also his son, was a devoted Shaiva and built a Shiva shrine on the Shankaracharya hill, then known as Gopadri. Sir Alexander Cunningham ascribed the existing temple on the hill to Jalauka but this has been disputed mainly on architectural grounds. Fergusson's theory that the temple was built in the reign of the Mughal Emperor Jehangir, is equally untenable. The temple appears to have been built about the beginning of the seventh century A. D., as Kak has pointed out. It is, however, not unlikely that the foundations on which it stands belong to a much earlier period.

The temple is built on a high octagonal plinth and is approached by a long flight of steps enclosed by side walls. It forms a fitting climax to the triangular hill rising about a thousand feet above the surrounding plain. It commands a panoramic view of the valley bottom studded with silver streams and sparkling lakes.

The central shrine has no decoration whatsoever. Externally it is square in plan with two offsets on each side. Internally it is circular in shape and contains a huge Shiva-Lingam which is worshipped to this day. To the south of the temple is a tank made of sculptured stones. To the northeast of the Shankaracharya hill and some two miles above the well known Shalamar Garden are to be found the remains of a large Buddhist monastry built in the time of the Kushans and extended in the time of their successors. This locality named Harwan derives its name from the ancient SHADARHADVANA, literally, the grove of six saints. The celebrated Buddhist philosopher Nagarjuna is known to have put up at this place during his sojourn in Kashmir towards the close of the second century A.D.

Excavations carried out at the site some years ago have brought to light what are the only remains of their kind in the whole of India. Two of the structures unearthed on the hill side above the rushing torrent flowing from the Harwan water reservoir are the triple-base of a medium sized stupa in a rectangular courtyard facing north and a set of rooms which might have been used as chapels or for residential purposes. A little higher up the hill side have been found the remains of a large chaitya built in picturesque daiperpebble style of masonry. The chaitya appears to have comprised a spacious rectangular antechamber with a circular sanctum behind it. The courtyard round the temple as also part of the surrounding wall is paved with large moulded brick tiles bearing various shapes and forming diffe1ent patterns. Among the principal motifs on the tiles are a lady carrying a flower vase, a dancing girl, a female musician a soldier hunting deer with bow and flowers, fets and geese.

In addition to the monastery at Harwan, the Kushans are known to have founded a number of religious establishments in different parts of the valley. Three of the Kushan rulers, Hushka, Jushka and Kanishka, are known to have built towns known after themselves as Hushkapura, Jushkapura and Kanishkapura and adorned them wifh monasteries, chaityas and other similar buildings. These towns can still be located in the villages of Ushkar and Kanispore near Baramulla

and Zukur, a village to the north of Srinagar. The Chinese pilgrim Hieun Tsaug who visited Kashmir in the early thirties of the seventh century A.D. spent his first night in the valley in the monastery of Ushkar. A stone slab at the site of the ancient monastery still bears testimony to the old name of the locality. It bears in Sharada, the characters he-she-ke-ra.

The monastery at Ushkar was rebuilt in the eighth century A. D. by Kashmir's greatest indigenous ruler Lalitaditya-Kuktapida. In fact the most imposing monuments ever built in Kashmir were erected in the time of this powerful ruler who for once in her long history made Kashmir into a great power.

The religious and other buildings which this outstanding ruler put up over the length and breadth of the valley are too numerous to be detailed here. A reference will therefore, be made to just a few of them whose extent ruins yet bear testimony to the solidity, strength and grandeur of the originals.

The most conspicuous among the ancient monuments of Kashmir are the ruins of the temple of Martand erected by Lalitaditya for the worship of the Sun God. The temple situated about fourmiles from Anantnag and some thirty-four miles from Srinagar occupies one of the finest situations in Kashmir. According to one foreign observer "the temple is not only typical of Kashmiri architecture at its best, but is built on the most sublime site occupied by any building in the world". Like most other ancient temples of Kashmir Martand consists of a courtyard with the principal shrine in the middle and a colonnaded peristyle. The latter is two hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and forty two feet and contains eighty-four fluted columns facing the courtyard. The entrance stands in the middle of the western wall, and is of the same width as the temple itself. The surfaces of this imposing structure were moulded and carved and like the main building had a pyramided roof.

The main temple consists of three distinct chambers— an outer *Ardhamandapa*, an inner entrance room called *antarala* and the innermost sanctuary known as *Garbhagriha*. The first chambers are highly decorated but the main sanctuary is plain. Among the images carved on the walls of the antarala and the mandapa were well executed images of Vishnu and the rivergoddesses Ganga and Yamuna. The roof believed to have been pyramided rose to a height of about seventy-five feet above the ground. The spacious courtyard contained a tank which provided water for ablutions. A constant supply of fresh water for this tank, which is still extant, was perhaps kept up through a small canal from the Liddar stream originating in the mountain-lake of Seshang.

Some of the other magnificent structures put up by Lalitaditya were built in his new capital Parihasapora situated at a distance of about a mile and a half to the west of the confluence of the Vitasta and its principal tributory the Sindh, twelve miles below Srinagar. These included a number of massive stone temples to house his favourite diety Vishnu. A monastery, a stupa and a chaitya were also put up in the new capital by this tolerant ruler who extended his patronage to Budhism as well. But all these noble edifices are now just a few ruins only, thanks to the perversion and vandalism of a few later rulers. But the enormous blocks of limestone used in their construction and yet found amidst these ruins, together with the smoothness of their dressing and the fineness

of their joints, still point to the solidity, strength and grandeur of the originals. A single stone-block in the sanctum of what was perhaps the Chaitya measures 14′ × 12½′ × 5′.

The building tradition founded by Lalitaditya was continued by some of the later rulers, notably Avantivarman (855-883 A.D.) One of the two temples put up by the latter in his capital Avantipora— situated almost midway between Srinagar and Anantnag—has been described as a gem of architecture. Like Martand, this temple, known as Avantisrami, comprised a colonnaded peristyle enclosing a spacious courtyard in the centre of which stood the main shrine built on a double base. The courtyard was paved with flag stones and contained four other smaller shrines at the corners of the central shrine.

The temple faced west and the entrance, in the middle of the west wall, was divided by a cross-wall into two chambers. The approach was through a flight of steps bounded by plain rails and side walls, the front pilasters of which bore figures of Vishnu and his consorts in relief.

The central shrine which at the base measured thirtythree feet square is no longer in existence. But the exquisitely sculptured reliefs including those of Vishnu in whose honour the temple was erected on the pilasters of the stairs give some indication of how beautiful the temple must have been. The cellular colonnade is also very handsome and contains a great variety and wealth of ornamental detail. Its sixtynine cells each held an image of the deity.

Most of the ancient temples of Kashmir, including those at Martand and Avantipora, are now in ruins and we could form a complete picture of them in their prime only with a stretch of the imagination. But luckily there yet exist in the valley a few temples—just a few only— which greatly facilitate an imaginative re-construction of their grand prototypes. One such temple, in a fairly good state of preservation is found at Buniar, two miles above Rampur on the Jhelum Valley Road. It is one of the larger temples and is built on the model of the Avantiswami temple, on a double base with colonnaded peristyle enclosing the courtyard. Its dimensions are, however, smaller and there are no secondary shrines besides the main shrine inside the courtyard. The original roof of this temple is however, missing.

But a clear indication of the roof covering the Martand and other olden temples is available from thetemples at Payar and Pandrethan. Both these temples are small but they are in a remarkably good state of preservation. The temple at Payar, situated above half a dozen miles from Avantipora, is in fact the best preserved of all the ancient temples of Kashmir. It is eight feet square internally and about twenty feet high. The cella is open all sides but is reached by a flight of steps on the east side only. The pilasters of trifoil arches bear carvings in relief. The roof is pyramidal and is divided into two sections. The superstructure of this Siva temple is built of ten stones only.

The Pandrethan temple on the outskirts of Srinagar is now in a pool of water. It is larger in dimensions than the temple at Payer, being about 18 feet square with a projecting portion on each side. The roof as in the case of the latter, is pyramidal. It consists of twelve courses of stone divided into two portions by an ornamental hand. The ceiling is formed of nine blocks of stone

arranged in three overlapping squares, each of them reducing the extent of the space to be covered. The triangles so formed are decorated with flying Yakshas, geese etc. The whole structure is surmounted by a square slab containing a beautifully carved full blown lotus, testifying to the superb carving, of ancient Kashmir's sculptors. The floor of the sanctum which is paved with stones has a depression in the centre, obviously for the reception of the image. The temple is believed to have been erected in the first half of the twelfth century A. D.

Pandrethan which was the seat of Government in the time Asoka has yielded a number of images both Buddhist and Brahmanical. Among these is a life size statue of the Buddha.

The art of stone building sculpture declined gradually with the decline of the Hindu rule in Kashmir. It was brought practically to an end with the coming of Islam in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Thereafter the architecture of Kashmir was mainly wooden.

Last Days Of Kimnarapura
OR
The Legend Of Sheshnag

BY PN. K. BAMZAI, NEW DELHI

Like other ancient peoples, the Kashmiris have their stock of legends which are supposed to explain the topography of the country—how the mountains, plains, the rivers appeared, as well as how the jungles came to be cleared, old beasts destroyed, the land made habitable, and civilised usages taught. Handed down originally by oral tradition, most of these local myths were collected in the *Nilamatpurana*. Some also found a place in Kalhana's famous *Rajatarangini* composed in the middle of the 12th century A. D.

One of these interesting legends relates to the destruction of the beautiful city of Kimnarapura and the formation of the grand lake Sheshnag lying on the route to the holy cave of Amarnath and the source of the roaring, twisting mountain stream—the Lidar—which flows past Pahalgam.

The popular conception of the Nagas, as now current, represents them under the form of snakes living in the waters of the springs and lakes protected by them. They can, however, also appear in human shape or may take the form of clouds and hailstorms. Springs generally are called to this day *nag* in Kashmir.

The position of Kimnarapura, the town founded by king Kimnara is fixed by Kalhana in the immediate vicinity of Vijeshwara, 29 miles south of Srinagar. The main features of the legend still live in the traditions of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The rock-strewn portion of the Ranbiara (one of the main tributaries of the river Jhelum) near the village of Litar is popularly believed to be the Ramanyatavi of the legend related below.

Long ago there reigned in Kashmir a king called Nara *alias* Kimnara. He founded a beautiful city on the banks of the Vitasta in the close vicinity of Vijeshwara (modern Vijbror). Being accessible by both river and road, its markets were always full of supplies and the streets thronged with people. "It was a city", observes Kalhana, "where the canals were gay with gondolas, where the gardens were colourful with fruits and flowers. It was a synonym for paradise, which on account of the treasures acquired in victorious expeditions abroad had triumphed over the capital of Kubera (the Lord of Wealth)". There in a park, tradition relates, was a pond of cool limpid water wherein dwelt the Naga Susravas and his two beautiful daughters.

It happened that one day, driven by excessive heat and fatigue, a Brahman, Vaisakha by name, come to rest in the grove of trees on the banks of this spring. The cool breezes quickly lulled him to sleep. When he awoke completly refreshed, he bathed his limbs in the cool water and "slowly proceeded to eat his porridge". Suddenly he heard the sweet sound of tinkling anklets and there emerged from behind a

bower of creepers two damsels of exquisite beauty with lovely eyes and wearing blue shawls. Slowly and with measured steps the maids approached him and he "stopped commencing his dinner and became again and again benumbed with confusion". The maidens however, without seeming to heed him took out from their pockets pods of Kachidani (a kind of grass growing plentifully on the meadows of Kashmir) which they hungrily began to eat.

"Oh Shame! Such food for such beauty ?", he thought.

Moved to pity he placed his pot of food before them and quickly fetched fresh water in a cornet of leaves for them to drink. "Won't you accept my humble food" ?, he meekly asked, "What makes you eat this grass which even animals won't care to touch" ? They thanked him for the water but politely declined the offer of food. "Which happy family is adorned by you, Lovely ones" he inquired, "and where did you fall into such misfortune that you eat this tasteless grass ?"

One of them answered "Know that we are the daughters of the Naga Susravas. Not having anything better to eat, why should we not take to such food ? I am Iravati ; father has arranged to give me in marriage to the lord of the Vidhyadaras,and this is Chandralekha my younger sister".

"Whence then your wretched poverty", asked Vaisakha in amazement." Father knows the reason", she answered, "him you should ask. When he comes to visit the Takshaka Naga on the 12th day of the dark half of Jeshta, you will recognise him straight by his hair-tuft dripping with water". So saying the Naga mades suddenly disappeared.

The Takshaka Naga, worshipped to this day in the large spring of limpid water situated close to the village of Zewan (7 miles to the south-east of Srinagar) is according to a lenged, the guardian deity of saffron fields. The first saffron bulb, it is said, was given as present by this Naga to his benefactor, physician Waghbhatta, who had cured him of a serious eye-disease. That spring therefore became the centre of a big annual fair held in the month of Jeshta (May-June) when saffron fields would be laid out. The cultivators used to make offerings of milk with prayers for an abundant crop of saffron. In that "great festival of the Takshaka Naga pilgrimage, frequented by dancers and strolling players and thronged by crowds of spectators". Vaisakha came face to face with the Susravas Naga whom he recognised by the sign the maids had indicated. They were also there and introduced him to their father. In the course of their conversation, the Brahman asked him about the cause of his misfortune. Hesitatingly the Naga replied : "For people who have self-respect and know how to distinguish between proper and improper, it does not seem right to expose misfortunes which must needs be borne. However, since this matter has come to light through the childish ways of these two girls, it would not be proper for me to make a secret of it before you, O worthy one. I hope you, who are honest by nature, will make some effort to help us if you can".

Pointing towards an ascetic seated at the foot of a tree with his head shaved and carrying only one tuft of hair, Susravas Naga said : "He is the field guard of all the crops that are grown round Kimnarapura and it is he who drives us to despair. As long as the fresh crop is not eaten by the guards who watch the fields with *mantras*, the Nagas too

may not touch it. That one there has vowed abstinence for ever from fresh produce and as long as he guards the fields, we cannot eat from the rich crops though they are before our eyes, as the ghosts cannot drink the water from the rivers".

The sad plight of Susravas Naga and his beautiful daughters moved Vaisakha to pity. Full of eager zeal to help the Naga he thought, day in and day out, of some plan to outwit the field-guard and make him break his vow. One day while the ascetic was keeping inside his hut, Vaisakha secretly dropped some fresh corn into the vessel in which food was being cooked for him. No sooner had the fieldguard taken it than the Naga Lord at once carried off the abundant rich harvest by sending down hail and heavy rain. Down in the pond at Kimnarapura, grain stocks began to be piled high and Susravas Naga and his family rejoiced at being freed from misery.

Next day Vaisakha visited the pond and the grateful Naga carried him to his own place where was treated as anhonoured guest and regaled with luxuries which "only immortals can have". When, after some time, Vaisakha asked leave to return to his home, Susravas Naga consented only on condition that he asked a boon from him. Vaisakha who had been captivated by the ravishing charms of Chandralekha falteringly prayed for her hand. "The Naga", runs the legend, "observing the commands of gratitude, bestowed his daughter and wealth on the Brahman, though he was not entitled to this matrimonial alliance". The charming Chandralekha proved to be a devoted wife and made her husband happy by her noble character, exemplary conduct and other virtues. They passed their days in never-ceasing festivities.

But their joy was short-lived. King Nara after a few years of good and just rule, had developed a perverted and sensual nature, following the seduction of his queen by a Sraman (ascetic) who lived alone in a *vihara*. The king when he came to know of the villainy of the Sraman ordered, in revengeful wrath, a wholesale destruction of *viharas* and confiscation of their lands. At the same time he gave himself up to the basest crimes of sensuality. Hard it became for young maidens and newlywed brides to protect their chastity from the black deeds of this king and his minions. Terror ruled the unfortunate land.

Accounts of Chandralekha's beauty quickly reached the ears of the king. He was infatuated and craved to have her. A strange incident, however, made his "passion break away like an elephant in rut". Once, while Chandralekha was up on the top of her mansion, she noticed a horse eatingher paddy which had been left in the compound to dry in the sun. There being no servant in the house at the moment, she herself came down hurriedly and drove the hores away by slapping him on the neck with her "lotus hand". Bearing the golden imprint which showed the beauty of her tapering fingers, the horse ran straight to the stable of the king. The lustful king on seeing it could restrain himself no longer and casting all the canons of morality and decorum to the wind, tried to seduce her through emissaries. Failing in these attempts he determined to carry her off by force. While his soldiers were attacking Chandralekha's house in front, she and her husband made good their escape at the back and running for their very lives, jumped for protection into the pond inhabited by the Naga Susravas.

Great was the indignation and fury of the mighty Naga at this insult to his

daughter. In a twinkling of the eye there was cast about dense darkness by thundering clouds of sinister look. The inhabitants of Kimnarapura shook with terror. There came down a rain of fearful thunderbolts and in its all-consuming and blasting fire the beautiful city of Kimnarapura was wiped off together with its people and their king. "The Vitasta", runs the legend, "which carried the marrow blood and fat flowing from the bodies of burnt human beings bore the semblance of the printed plumage of a peacock".

Susrava's sister, Nagi Ramanya having come to know by occult powers king Nara's insult to Chandralekha was meanwhile coming to her brother's help, carrying with her huge hail- stones with which to destroy the king and his city. At a distance of a few miles, learning that her brother had accomplished the work of destruction, she let go the hailstones which destroyed a large number of villages. "For five Yojnas", records the Chroncler, "from that place, the village land became a waste buried under mighty boulders and known to this day as Ramanyatavi".

Next day when Susravas Naga beheld the fearful scene of his carnage, he was seized with remorse. No longer could now the fields be tilled by cultivators, no longer could he now expect to enjoy his life in peace. Being depressed by the denunciations of the survivors, he, followed by his daughter and son-in-law, left that habitation of his and going deep into the far off mountain created for himself as residence the lake of "dazzling whiteness resembling a sea of milk. Close to this he made another beautiful pool for his daughter and son in-law to live in".

Next year the pilgrims to the holy shrine of Amarnath to their pleasant surprise found a new lake where only barren rocks and glaciers existed before. And when in the evening resting in their camp at Wawjan, the story of the destruction of Kimnarapura by Naga Susravas was narrated by the *Kathavachak*, they wondered. "Verily we may learn from this story", he continued in aweinspiring words, "that the destruction of this universe even may be caused by the wrath of a single virtuous woman, deity or Brahman".

KASHMIRI LITERATURE

Late Justice Jia Lal Kilam had an abiding interest in the cultural heritage of Kashmir. Here, in this article which was originally broadcast over the national service of the All India Radio in 1954, he has traced the history of Kashmiri Literature during the early stages of its development.

Editor.

Separated from the rest of India by inaccessible mountain barriers, Kashmir, in course of time, developed herself into a miniature world for its people. Here lived from times immemorial a portion of the Aryan race, who spoke the same language and followed the same religion as in the rest of India, but yet impressed their individual stamp upon all activities and achievements, and imparted a distinctive character to the country. Kashmir evolved her own sciences, arts and crafts. She developed her own music, sculpture, architecture and painting. In the realm of philosophy, she did make a colossal contribution to Indian philosophic thought, and the magnificent Shaiva philosophy, which competent critics have held to be on par with any other school of Indian philosophy, is the result. She coined her own script, Sharda, and used it for her literary purposes. Sanskrit poetry reached its high watermark in ancient Kashmir. We have received as our heritage, a huge mass of classical poetry of unique merit. So also other stupendous works on poetics.

With this varried expression of her individuality, it is hardly possible that Kashmir should have produced no literature in the Kashmiri language. Side by side with Sanskrit the natural instinct for poetry found expression in Kashmiri Prakrit as well. Much of this literature is now quite lost, but what is preserved is enough to show the possibilities ofthis language. With the establishment of Muslim rule, Sanskrit fell from its high pedestal and royal patronage came to be extended to Persian. Kashmiris, with a wonderful adaptability, learned this language, and, incourse of time, came to be looked upon as profound scholars of Persian. They wrote exquisite poetry in this language, though Kashmiri, as we shall presently see, was not forgotten. But with the introduction of Persian, there came about a bifurcation of Kashmiri into two sub-dialects. The Hindu writers in the Kashmiri language largely drew upon Sanskrit words, phrases, similies and metaphors and the Muslims made a copious use of Persian in their writings. To illustrate this, a reference can be made to Parmanand when he says —

> "Gokul hriday myon tati chon guri wana
> Chit vimarsha diptimana Bhagwano"

As against this, Mahamood Gami, a Muslim poet says—

> "Aval Hamda tamis yami paida kur jan
> Zamino asmano ashka o urfan."

Even those who do not know Kashmiri will not fail to find the difference in these two forms. OnePersian-rinden, and the other has largely drawn upon Sanskrit.

The earliest known work in the pure Kashmiri language is what is known as

Mahanyaya Prakash or *Maha Artha Prakash*. Nothing is known about its author excepting that his name was Shati Kantha. Shati Kantha, whose *Mahanyaya Prakash* singles him out as a great scholar and man of genius, lived somewhere in the 13th century, and his Guru was Jaya Ratha. Before discussing the linguistic or other peculiarities of this book, we might here dwell upon the theme and purpose that this book presents to its readers. The theme of the book is Tantric and, as its name suggests, it aims at *Maha Artha Prakash*, the illumination of the highest meaning or truth. In the book, an attempt has been made to explain what is knovn as Kramartha or Reality as appearing in the four stages of articulation, i.e., Para, Pashyanti, Madhyama and Vaikhari and also the five deities i.e., Vamesi, Khechari, Bhuchari, Sambar Bakshma and Randreswari. These deities are the Ishta (guardians) of those who have attained their object in life by attaining Gyana Siddhi, Mantra Siddhi, Milap, Saktopaya or Sambhawopaya. The five deities just mentioned stand as representatives of the five stages through which (according to the author) each sense experience passes. Gyana Siddhi means the right knowledge of one's own self; Mantra Siddhi means right thinking; Milap Siddhi means union between the knower and known; Saktopaya means the process by which the distinction between the knower, the known and knowledge is annihilated; Sambhavatama means the stage in which this process is also annihilated. To illumine the path leaning to Sambhavatma is the purpose of this book.

We might now deal with the language of the book. The following stanza, taken at random from the book, reveals to us the earlier known form of the Kashmiri language. Its English rendering will be something like :—

> "O you, who are following the right path ;
> You, who have acquired stability of mind by constant meditation ;
> You, who have raised yourselves up by following the right order of duties in your lives ;
> And you, who are both wordly and unwordly ;
> Continue to live in this way.
> That is the only glory of life."

A Sanskrit rendering will show the close connection of the Kashmiri language with Sanskrit, though in recent times some wiseacres are out to trace the Kashmiri to Iranian or Dardic sources, or to some Central Asian language.

For about a hundred years following Shati Kantha we do not come across any work written in the Kashmiri language. It is possible that there were some such works, but that none is available now. These have probably been destroyed and lost in the numerous political upheavals that took place in Kashmir. There is yet another work known as *Maha Artha Manjari*, written by Maheswaranand, which deals with the monistic aspect of Shaiva philosophy. The language used in this book is no doubt, Prakrit. But it is said to be unrelated to Kashmiri Prakrit.

More than a hundred years after Shati Kantha Lal died, Lalleswari came on the scene and poured forth her heart, rich in spiritual and mystic experiences, in Kashmiri verse. Her language is more familiar to us than that of her predecessor, Shati Kantha. Lalleshwari in her Vakyas begins with a narration of her own spiritual experiences. She tells us that she wandered far and wide in search of Truth, made pilgrimages to holy places and sought salvation through observance of rituals, but all in vain. Then sudnenly

she found the 'Truthful One' in her own home. Says she :—

"Lalla ba drayas lolare
Chhandan loosum dyan kaho, rat,
Wuchhym Pandit tah Pananih gare,
Suy me rutmai nisthur tah sat."

Translated into English it would mean :-

"Passionate with longing in my eyes
Searching wide, and seeking day and night
Lo ! I beheld the Truthful One, the wise,
Here in my own house, filling my gaze.
That was the day of my auspicious star.
Breathless I held Him my guide to be."

At other places she sings in joyful notes :—

"Damadam Karum daman hale
Prazalyom deep tai naneyam zat"
("So my lamp of knowledge blazed afar
My bright soul stood revealed to me.
I then flung my inner light far and wide
And. with darkness all around me sealed,
Did I garner truth and hold Him tight.")

In another connection, Lalleshwari says:—

"Deva Vatta Devar Vatta
Pyath bon hehuy ekwath
Puz kas karik ha huda Batta
Kar Manas to panas sangat."
("The idol is made of stone and the temple built with stone.
The dome above and the idol below are one.
Which of them will you worship, O foolish Pandit ?
Effect the union of mind and Prana.")

Then again she says :—

"The same stone makes the road and the pedestal,
The same stone is the sacred shrine
And also the turning mill
Shiva is difficult to attain.
Take this as a hint for guidance."

The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries characterised by great political and spiritual upheavals in Kashmir. It was during this period that the rule of Kashmir passed into Muslim hands. It was during this period that a number of Sayyids who were scared away from Central Asia by Taimur came and settled down in Kashmir. These Sayyids became the propagators of Islam. But their beliefs had been tempered by the doctrines of the Sufi cult and were marked by a great catholicity. Their contact with indigenous saints and savants gave rise to an eclectic school of thought saturated with mystic trends. Sheikh Nur-ud-Din who was born in 1377 A. D. drank deep at these springs of current, creative thought. He poured forth his heart in hundreds of couplets known as Shruk (Kashmiri form of Sloka). His mind and its workings can be gathered from the following verses given in translation :—

"The lover is he who burns with love,
Whose self shines like gold.
When man's heart flares up with the blaze of love
Then shall he reach the Infinite"

At another place Nur-ud-Din says :-

"Shield not thyself against His arrows,
Turn not the face from His sword.
Consider misfortune as sweet as sugar.
Therein lies thy salvation
In this world and the next".

I shall now refer to some poets who have left us love lyrics of a very high order. The emotions surging in the human heart have been portrayed in colourful language in this love poetry. I would like particularly to refer to Queen Habba Khatun who lived in Kashmir in the 16th century. Her husband, Yusuf Shah, who ruled Kashmir for some time was compelled to accompany Akbar and he was never allowed to return to Kashmir Habba Khatun felt greatly the pangs of separation from her beloved husband and she

poured forth her heart in a large uumber of lyrics :—

"The distant meadows are in bloom.
Flowers are in bloom on the mountain lakes.
Come, let us to the mountain meads.
Sweet is the ritual of love.
I would deck my love with ornaments
And in Henna dye his hands.
I would anoint his body with fragrant kisses.
Offer him wine in golden goblets
And give him the lotus of love which blooms
in the lake of my heart.
I shall strew the meadows with flowers
for thee !
Come, my lover of flowers ;

After Habba Khatun there is yet another lady, this time a Kashmiri Panditani, by name Aranimal, whose lyrics have capitivated the hearts of Krshmiris. Her songs have been set to music and the Kashmir minstrels even now sing these songs with great gusto. Aranimal lived in the 18th century. Her husband, Munshi Bhawani Das, a profound Persian scholar and a prolific writer, deserted her. This desertion awakened the music in Aranimal. Says she :—

"My complexion which was like July jessamine
Has assumed the pallor of the yellow faded
rose.
O, when will he come and let me have
A look at his beloved face.

She sings in another context :—

"Flowers have bloomed in my father's home.
But thou comest not and I feel like one
Accursed, alone and scoffed by all.
God grant happiness to my beloved !
Let Him be kind to others if He will.
I have at least the satisfaction that my love
is happy.
I plighted my troth to thee.
Why did you break your plighted word ?
O sweet, O dear,
I long for thee."

In the 19th century, there were a number of poets who contributed very greatly to Kashmiri literature, the chief amongst them being Mahmood Gami, Rasul Mir, Wahab Khar and Parmananda.

Mahmood Gami tried to grasp the unity underlying the subjective as well as the objective universe. Says he :—

"The form and reality are like dream and
its meaning
The two are like rose and perfume.
All veils are removed for the seeker who is
one with Him."

Rasul Mir was a poet of action :

"Shake thy lethargic body with dauntless
courage,
If you act like the ignorant, you are lost
Bestir thyself and make garlands of tulips
and wreaths of pearls."

Wahab Khar believes in the inevitability of change :

"A moment ago you were like the mountain
torrent
Flooded and sweeping across the hill.
But now there is nothing but dust and
dryness,"

Parmanand is aclass by himself. His poetry is many faceted, full of inimitable subtleties of thought and language and beauties of rhyme and rhythm. His aim in life is to seek that Supreme Bliss. But that has not made him impervious to the duties and responsibilities of life. Says he :—

"Parmanada Parmananda for vith sang
lag nav
Naviruk Janda pravith."
(First seek the Supreme Bliss, O Parmanand !
Then play new roles on life's stage in weeds
of freshness clad.)

At another place he says :—

"Wuchh zi yeli cha mandar
Roozi zi tati na andar
Anda wanda shama Sunder
Sahja vichar karun."
(See the Holy of Holies but rest not there ;
For God who in peace resides within,
In beauty shines without.)

There are no prose writings available in ancient Kashmiri. There is an abundance of folk tales which are narrated by professional storytellers. But their intesest lies more in the substance of the tales than in the language. A number of such folk tales have been translated into English by George Knowles. The Kashmiri language is rich in proverbs. These too have been translated into English and a Kashmiri dictionary has very recently been complied by Sir George Grierson.

The Travail Of A Transition

By DAYA KISHAN KACHRU, Orissa

It was a lovely moon-lit-night in May, and we were having a restful evening on the sea-beach at Puri on the Bay of Bengal. A cool and soothing breeze blew towards the coast, and bleached away the searing memories of a hot day. The sea surf continued its eternal wail, and beat its foamy head in insistent turmoil against the land. Curiously enough in this poetic setting the few friends around were discussing the advance of society. They stressed particularly what they called the recent and rapid improvements in and the transformation of the ancient institution of marriage.

There was a young Kashmiri couple from Allahabad with us. They harped on the progress that the Kashmiri Pandit community has made over the years in this matter. I was a silent listener to their paeans and their eulogies on the "marital" advance of our society ; for I heard this talk by the sea-side with a big question mark in my mind.

Progress indeed ! Not many decades ago when a girl had to be married in Kashmir the in-laws would call the prospective groom for a test. His mental calibre was judged at this test, and questions asked. For instance, if it takes so much iron to make one needle, how many needles can be produced from one maund of iron ? "Elementary, my dear Watson", you may well say ; but a test all the same would be the reply. He was again asked questions to test his literary ability. Extracts were quoted from either "Gulistan" or "Bestan" in order to find out the depth of his knowledge in the study of these honoured Persian classics of Sheikh Saidi. This apart, his personality was also judged, and all this put in the back-ground of his family, and family connections, before the girl's parents committed themselves one way or the other. The suitability of the prospective bride was neither called into open question, nor made an object of general and animated enquiry. The girl, therefore, was given a higher status in the sense that it was not her suitability that was primarily considered, but the suitability of the bride-groom for holding her hand in partnership through the ups and downs of a future life.

Dowry again was not the night-mare that it has become to-day. There was a regulated system of dowry determined by the scale known as "Teth". This provided the basis for all marriage and post-marriage presents and, the entire schedule of dowry from month to month, year to year, and ceremony to ceremony, was determined by it. The highest "Teth" was Rs. 50/-. This also was "Kham", and actually stood for Rs. 25/- only ; for a "Kham" rupee equalled only eight annas. All future transactions in regard to the post-marriage presents and what is called "Heot-deot" in Kashmiri were governed by this "Teth". It generally varied from Rs. 5/- Kham to Rs. 50/- Kham. Rs. 50/- Kham was a rare "Teth" indeed, and was the privilege of a few aristocrats and the very-well-to-do. For the middle classes, it was normally Rs. 10/- Kham. The wonderful part of these "Teth" transactions was that calculations of what was to be sent to the in-laws were required to be made absolutely on an arithmetical basis according to a

graduated scale of payments with reference to the "Teth" fixed. If there was an overpayment, it was sent back or demanded back. This also applied equally to under-payments. It left no trail either of bitterness or tears behind, and was considered a normal social transaction.

Again on the occasion of a marriage invitations were not issued to all and sundry by taking out the Civil Lists and Telephones Directories as is generally the case now. Marriage invitations were sent only to relatives and very near friends. They had to pay what is called "Wurbal"in Kashmiri at the average rate of Re. 1/- for each invitee to a marriage. If a person invited five hundred relatives and friends, he would automatically get about Rs. 500/- on the marriage occasion from them. This would incidentally help him in defraying the marriage expenses, and was a sort of social insurance which claimed a premium of Re 1/- on each occasion—few and far between when one of the invitees had a similar in his family. The presents consisted again of cash or of small ornaments which too contributed to the marriage expenses, directly or indirectly, and to that extent to the lightening of the burden of the parents of the girl. These presents came under the generic name of "Guli-myuth" in Kashmiri and had their own tables and standard of circulations. The theories of "Guli-myuth" had themselves become an art.

Love marriage as we know them now were undreamt and unthought of. Marriage took place very early in life. They preceded love, and love was expected to flow in as by-product of the marriage. The couple had to adjust themselves so that they could go through life together hand in hand, and rough it through thick and thin, "till death do us part".

Cases in which unhappiness came forcibly to the surface into marital relations as a result of this system were rare; for divorce and separation were unthinkable. Adjustment was the rule and the law that ruled. Set in the all-pervading background of the joint family, it ensured that clashes, inevitable in human nature, came not to sunder and separate, but to wear off the corners and taper the edges. Sacrifice and self-abnegation were the criteria for family life; not individualistic self-assertion and selfsatisfaction. As a result we generally had what even by modern standards can be called comparatively happy and contented married lives, leading to a stable social system, and thereby a society which had a sense of values which it, by and large, stuck to and abided by, though all these values may not have been the value we know or cherish to-day.

Now what is the picture in 1961 that we have of our society which considers itself modern, and in tune with the times? Girls education has spread apace. Our sisters and daughters to-day are graduates in law, in literature, in the sciences, and in music. They have taken to professional careers, and have distinguished themselves in many walks of life. This is as it should be. Yet when the marriage has to be finalized, whatever tests the boy may or may not be put to, the girl generally has to go through a rigorous one. Her looks, the level of her education, her knowledge of dancing and music, and finally the capacity of her parents to pay, are the chief criteria. This is happening not only in the valley of Kashmir, but in the rest of India also in our community. I know of cases where the girls' parents have sometimes had to produce their daughters at places 600—900

miles away from their places of residence for approval and inspection—pardon this expression !—before there could be further pourparlers about the marriage. The tests that the boys had to undergo in the old days have to be undergone by our girls now, and there are many varied and differing varieties of these tests, for this testtaking is also becoming a fine art.

For dowries the sky alone is the limit now ; though one does not know how it will be with the coming into force of "The Dowry Act". The Dowry Act is an All India measure, and can at best have a limited educative value like its distinguished predecessor in social legislation, "The Sarda Act". I have known of girls in Bengal among Bengali Brahmans, and girls among Kashmiri Brahmans in India, who could not be married almost upto the age of thirty only because their parents did not have the capacity, their anxiety notwithstanding, to come up to the dowry demands of the boys' parents. I have also known of suicides of some of our unfortunate sisters on this account though all the facts may not have been bruited about.

The dowry demands often include not only gold ornaments, and clothes and furniture, but also a radio, a refrigerator, a motor-car, in some cases the expenses for study abroad. The expenses for study abroad when paid, no matter at what cost, also ironically enough, carry with them sometimes the seeds of the undoing of the daughters for whose welfare and happiness the parents bleed with tearful smiles ; for these boys came back only to discard the girls they have married, and to kick at the ladders with which they have climbed. The resultant heart-breaks and agony need no description.

The limitations that the earlier "Teth" imposed have long ceased to operate. The nouveau riches and the business classes have no hard and crippling limitations of income. As a result, the middle classes, both lower and upper, with fixed incomes, are being crushed between two mill-stones. The neither one is provided by the compelling urge to see their daughters properly married and settled, and the uper one by their inability to cope with the social devils-dance that the nouveau riches have set in motion. There is the famous and gruesome story of Mehargul, the despot, who indulged in the pastime of throwing elephants down the Banihal because he delighted in the sound of the death rattles of the unfortunate animals. These nouveau riches are like Mehargul of old ; for the noise that their doings—I was almost going to say misdoings !—create is a delight to them, the resultant agonies and miseries of their brethren in the community notwithstanding.

Invitations are issued by the hundreds now. Friendship and kinship, which alone were the criteria previously, have yielded place to cheap glamour, for those to be invited must include some VIPs., and should figure to the largest extent not only in the Civil Lists, but also in the Telephone Directories. Not many of us are unaware of the fact that invitations for marriage parties sometimes come from persons whose names we hear of for the first time only on the day when the invitation cards reach us. As a result there is a wild and uncontrolled competition in wastage, and in tinsel glory which flutters briefly only to die out like the myriad lights that decorate the marriage shamianas.

The presents that come generally are of a nature which hardly relieve the economic

preasure of the occasion for the parents. Many of these are of such a repetitive character as to lose their utility and their value. These also now come from all and sundry, with the result that most of the emotional value they had earlier has ceased to be. They also impose an equal future drain on the girls' parents.

Whether this sudden swing in values, and the fixation of these fresh and ever elongating yard-sticks, is a step-forward is open to serious doubt according to many. Many feel that whatever disadvantages the system that obtained in this behalf a few decades ago in our society may have had, it was less stultifying and frustrating and less barbarous than the system that has largely replaced it. To that extent the march of events and the higher level of literacy notwithstanding, and notwithstanding all that we characterize as progress, many feel that we are going downthe hill, and drifting in a direction which must spell the future disaster of our society, and bring about its ultimate ruination.

Many of the changes are inevitable with the passage of time; for the old epoch is closing and is almost on its legs. A new epoch—political, social and economic—has taken and is taking its place. The years of transition inevitably are years of travail. But we have to make up our minds about a speedy end of the transition, and its proper direction and control to the extent that forces of history admit of such direction and control. Many of the transitional changes that have come about are inherent in the disintegration of the joint family, and the changed composition of the social milieu. These are also inevitable on the dispersal of the community in various and far flung parts of the country. But we have to control the winds of change so as not to allow them to throw us off over feet altogether. For that every one of us—you and me—has to act as a buffer and to ensure that not only do we not contribute to the drift and the decay, but actually make some contribution, however, small and humble, to arrest it.

It was a delight to hear from an old friend in Delhi the other day—he holds an important appointment in the Goverment of India — that he had refused to accept any but the basic essential presents on the occasion of his son's betrothal. Many more have to do so in this and in many other matters too. In the new order the parents must only play a secondary role not a primary one — in the marriage of their children. They should, so to say, be in the gallery—prayerfully hopeful, interestedly expectant may be —but in the gallery all the same. The parents have to remember that they alone can set the example and purge our society of its growing ills. Should that happen many of the evils that the transition has become an unfortunate heir to will cease. There may be inter-caste marriages too, but that is all to the good in a limited way in a country where caste and language are tending to pull the nation apart. Our task has to be to hasten the change, and save society from the tortures and torments of a nightmarish present. Many may call this a grim picture, but many will say it is a true one.

I began these thoughts on the sea-beach at Puri. I end them in a forest on the borders of Singhbhum and Keonjhar in Bihar and Orissa, where the Adibasis are my neighbours. I have seen and studied their customs, and the even tenor of their lives, with all their unfelt penury. I cannot but feel that perhaps they are after all not as "back-ward" as

we in our conceit characterize them to be. Their values may be elementary, but they have a greater warp and woof of truth and humanity in their texture than the perverted values which some of us own now, for the wolf in civilized man is on the hunt and at prey—not in one but in many fields and forests.

Historical forces have brought about many of these changes, but stability must come, and has to be brought in, before the travail of the transition leaves us as total wrecks. Surely with all our experience of the many harsh buffettings of, and tossings from, history over the centuries, we cannot throw up our hands in despair, and watch in helpless apathy, our ruination at the hands of these forces, like the spell-bound victim of the cobras fangs hypnotised into inaction. We have to bestir ourselves now and in time, and to ponder over tragic drift of a historic people, and how and in what measure to arrest it—betimes and before the sands of time have run out altogether.

Looking Ahead

By Dr. R. K. BHAN, M.A. PH.D. (London)
(President Kashmiri Pandit's Association—Bambay)

We have too often concentrated our attention on the achievements of our people and homeland in the past. These thoughts are no doubt noble and in some ways stimulating too, but they cannot help us in projecting our destinies in the future. The environments in which some of our fore-fathers left Kashmir and settled in different parts of India are absolutely different from those in which people have migrated after 1947, and thus the problems confronting them are different. Till this memorable year we were satisfied with a go-easy and contended life and even those who could thrive outside chose to bask in the cloudy sun-shine of the valley. The year 1947 proved a crucial one and it gave a jolt to people from their complacency and the state of inertia into which they had sunk for years and at the same time opened their eyes to the wider and expanding opportunities offered in different parts of Independent India. Thus took place a sudden and quick out-flow of both young and old, un-employed as well as under-employed or fully employed. It was no doubt a plunge into the realm of uncertainty as most of them had no specific destination in view. The writer also crossed over Banihal in the wintry months of 1947-48 on foot in deep snow when all passes were closed.

By now the fresh migrants have settled in different parts of the country in variable proportions. Most of them have still roots at home, while a few have now well settled homes outside. So far so good. But when we look to the future, we have to steer clear of many difficulties and give serious thought to many problems which this change has posed. Should the people who have migrated now get absorbed and assimilated socially and culturally in an in-discriminate manner among the people of different states each of whom possess their significant ethnological and linguistic characteristics. There can be no two opinions that while we must get emotionally integrated with the rest of India and think in terms of "Bharat Nivasis", it is essential that we maintain our individual character.

To my mind there are three essential conditions for its preservation. Firstly we should not give up speaking in our own language. Of course we cannot, even if we would try to, dispense with mother tongue as a medium of publication amongst ourselves. But there seems to be a tendency almost amounting to a craze among all the migrants not to give their children their first sounds or alphabets in the mother tongue. It is quite apparent that our children will have to be multi-lingual and may have to learn four instead of three languages prescribed for other children viz. Kashmiri, Hindi, language of the region where parents are working or domiciled & English. Unfortunately those Kashmiris who migrated much earlier have committed the mistake of forgetting their mother tongue and this has created a social void between them and the other Kashmiris. I would go further and suggest that this category of Kashmiris should seriously think of learning Kashmiri even

now. I have been pleasantly surprised to find some response among them to this proposal.

Secondly our social & religious customs and usages should not be thrown off as time worn & out of tune with modern scientific outlook. If we analyse the origin of such customs, we will find that that these have had some rationale and their preservation is essential for our cohesion and identity if for nothing else. In this respect the older Kashmiris are to be congratulated for maintaining these through centuries.

Thirdly marriages should take place within the community. With some lapses here and there. The older members of the community who are settled outside Kashmir have given a worthy lead, well worth emulation.

All this is about the social front. On the economic front, there is a greater need for thinking. Hundreds, if not thousands of families are now settled in different states outside Kashmir, a few comfortably, some tolerably while some are eking out their existance. More are pouring out in search of better opportunities. It is necessary that at important centres like Delhi, Calcutta & Bombay, it should be possible for new-comers to get advice, help and guidance so as to channel their activities properly. There are social organizations at these places but they have not set up any Institution like Advisory Boards which could point out to them possible avenues of work or training. If at these focal centres such an agency is set up it would be very useful. My personal experience is that, several people fail to thrive not for lack of opportunities but for lack of relevant information to get these opportunities. Well informed members of the community can make substantial contributions to the building up of this agency which can be fed by useful literature, available at different employment, trade and industrial centres. With the availability of suitable premises for these organizations much head-way can be made in this and other constructive activities. It is a pity that our young boys and girls who have now better opportunities for education and training do not figure well in the various all India competitive tests. This is a matter which needs looking into.

Lastly I would suggest that the three centres of Delhi, Calcutta & Bombay should issue journals & News letters regularly as a forum for the discussion of social and cultural problems as also disseminate community news and achievements of its members. The Calcutta centre has already given the lead and Bombay centre is coming up. The Delhi Centre, even though the biggest one and has more than one organization, lags behind.

'Haro Batta Chuyi'

BY S. S. RAINA, CALCUTTA.

A Professor at the University once gave a very enlightened discourse on 'the sociology of laughter'. His concluding remarks were "It is very easy to laugh at others, but very difficult to laugh at ourselves. It will do us good if we cultivate a little of this Art."

It requires a lot of grit and confindence to follow his advice and laugh at one-self. This applies to us Kashmiris also, as individuals. But as a community or a group, we are a different proposition. We take easily to self-criticism, to comparing ourselves unfavourably with others and to finding fault with ourselves. We almost relish this pastime. As some body once remarked, it is almost an obsession with us.

I am not sure that it speaks of our boldness or self-confidence. Perhaps we are making virtue of a habit long ingrained in us – from which we cannot get out. We discuss with gusto all our failings and then laugh them away, as something that somebody else suffers from and not "WE".

There are many occasions when half in jest and half in self-praise, we acknowledge that "Batta Chu dai Congress" i.e. one Batta is equal to two and half times the Indian National Congress. This epithet refers to those times of the Congress history when weeks could be spent on deliberations without any concrete steps for action. Whenever anybody's overcleverness, his dislike of the others' rise materially or otherwise, or unnecessary fault finding (Neshkam Nendya) is discussed, a Batta comes close to your attention. When an outsider, a non-Batta comes into contact with a Batta, he, of course admires his keenness of intellect, his shrewdness in judgement, and capacity of adjustment, but he also gets apprehensive of his cleaverness and craftiness.

I remember an occasion when travelling from Srinagar to Rawalpindi via the Jehlum Valley Road, a Punjabi fellow-passenger, fresh from his holiday trip, was on his way back to Lahore. We started a little of 'who's who' and some formal courtesies. After a while thinking that no harm could come from me he exclaimed "God save me from a Kashmiri Pandit and a Kayastha of U. P., both are too clever for simple folks like us". I laughed it away; I did not want to be uncivil to him while he was still in Kashmir territory (once he entered Punjab, I could not afford to, as it was his native land). Or, perhaps I did not merely disagree with him. Soon we reached the Customs post at 'Domel' where the customs search was always an ordeal. Now my friend had about twenty walnuts in a small basket and he was munching them one after the other. The Customs official objected to his taking with him the 'forbidden fruit', what if, they were only a few and obviously not meant for any business or trade. "You may, if you can, eat them up before you cross the customspost, but you cannot take them away". The entreaties of about 12 passengers in the Bus, that he should not tease a visitor unnecessary, proved of no avail with the almighty custom official and with an authoritarian note, he remarked", "Law is Law, let common sense

go to dogs ; may be, law is an ass, but there it is." This all looked so stupid to the Punjabi friend that he threw down the Jhelum meandering nearby, all the nuts plus the basket. Unfortunetaly for me, the customs official was a k. p. and my friend, with a grin, reminded me of his general remark a little while earlier.

The outsiders, however. are not as a rule, so unkind to us aswe are to ourselves.

And here I remember another anecdote :

Three of us, Battas, met in June last in a holiday resort. And as is usual with these 'Batta conferences' (any two Battas will do for a conference) we started discussing everything under the sun—what with the Geneva conference on Laos, the possibility of the two Ks meeting at Geneva, the Assam troubles and all that. We did not of course ignore Sheikh Abdulla and his trial, or the talk about Kashmirs' industrialisation. As would be expected we also discussed—rather stoically—the pros and cons or the KP's large scale migration in post independence era from Kashmir to the plains. One thing lead to the other and then leaving the air of unconcern, one of the 'three musketeers' informed the other two about the impending sale of his property in Kashmir, having made up his mind to settle outside. And, surprisingly, he was expressing his deep gratitude to a friend of his who had arranged the buyer for his house and had gone out of his way to help him, and so on...... While, true to my habit, I listned patiently to his expression of gratitude for his friend, our other friend could stand it no longer. 'Haro, Batta Chuyi' he utterred with a gusto. 'Don't take things at their face value ? he said, and then gave a long discourse which I wish I could reproduce in original Kashmiri "Take care, Bhat Sahib" he went on, 'don't rely too much on your friend. Don't be naive enough to think that he is doing all this favour without any ulterior motive. After all he is a Batta......". He implied—he did't say so—you did't seem to be a Batta, other wise how could you trust a Batta like this.

And long after, I just mused over this incident. This 'Haro Batta Chuyi' interjection had appeared so natural that neither the 'sellerfriend' nor I felt surprised about our friend's sermon.

I do not know anything very authentic about the 'Haro Batta Chuyi' saying. It literally means 'Hari, Beware he is a Batta'. The other half of the 'sermon' is "Khaivzen, Chavzen, Pachzes na', or "entertain him with eatables and drinks (soft ones, of course), but do not trust him". It is said that a well to do K. P. money-lender had made it a point to treat all his Baradari people with courtesy and decorum, but where his profession was concerned, he would keep them at an arm's length Hari was his Munshi, who presumably. needed occasional reminding of 'Hari, beware, he is a Batta'.

While that money lender and his Hari belong to history, our attitude has not changed, our thought pattern continues to be the same. Perhaps, it is not all that bad. Perhaps, people endowed with a little thinking power cannot always think straight or take things at their face value. There are always two sides to an argument and may be we often tend to turn to the wrong side. This reminds me of our akinness to the Bengalees who also, being quite intellectual, are not all that straight. We find in them many bad things which we detect but which, we must admit, we ourselves suffer

from. We even take heart that we are perhaps not as bad as they are, possibly because we are not intellectually so advanced as they.

A fool, it is said, will no longer be one, if he could realise that he was one. Similarly, realising that we suffer from some faults means that we have won half the battle against such weakness. This gives us encouragement. You can argue that this realisation is as old as the week- ness itself and therefore it is problematic whether the other half of the battle can be won. But then why get discouraged, who in this sputnik age thinks of winning the battle completely. No War, neither the first one in 1914—18, nor the second one in 1939—45 was a complete victory even for the victorious. You witness something in Korea, Vietnam, Laos and Cango, even in Kashmir. We have to live with half-won battles and inborn virtues and vices. A friend of mine often says that whatever he does or says, he always tries to argue it out within himself, to try to trace the motives behind his actions and to try to get at the background and and all that. But that does not make him all good, only he tries to be a complete man as he Visualises it. And so a Batta too is made of virtues and vices, may be a little too much of one and not of the other. And if you try to take off from him something of which he is made of, he may be a better man, but he would not be a Batta. And so, "Batta Kakas Namaskar".

The Joy Of Living

By MANMOHAN DHAR, CALCUTTA

The art of conversation seems to have lost its place to such ready made entertainments as the Cinema and the Radio. In old days, only about 30 years back, when I used to be a boy of eight, it was wonderful to see gentlemen coming to our house in the evening, settling down to a realy animated and boisterous conversation. And those steaming cups of hot tea from the shining 'Samawar' and the 'Parathas' giving appetizing smell of pure ghi or the hot Katlam; would always sharpen the wit, and with laughter and good humour fill the whole place with a strange joy of a wonderful life.

And how wonderful was it to have our grandpa gather all the members of the family round him in the evening and burn the plastic Dhoop on a 'Kangri' and open the Bhagavat or the Ramayan and read with emotions of joy, grief or sobriety, as the context of the passage demanded, in wonderful sonorous and undulated tones, the soul-filling chapters of the great epics.

I can never forget those scenes of going for the morning bath on the river bank and then going with uncle to the nearby temple to sing the 'jai jagdish-a-hare'; and I remember those youngsters outside, toning their muscles in friendly bouts on loose earth.

Ah! and those sunday jaunts in those Shikara's peddled by 'Ramzana', our nearest hanji neighbour, to the shalimar and then run along the banks until our bare feet would feel the touch of the cool and soft grass and our bodies would roll over those emarld greens of that heaven on earth.

How can one forget the first kick on a brand new football and particularly when I would see my elder cousin kick it soaring into sky and see it bounce back almost half way again and my boyish legs running after it almost begging it to stop for just one more kick.

And as we grew we became sensitive to the changing colours of the clouds as evening sun would quietly slip behind the beautiful peaks covered with ermine snow and oblige us by giving them a rainbow effect of red, yellow and other hues. And like magic one could see the Chinars in their autumn red, the populars with their crisp and yellow leaves lend strange charm to the rural surrounding of our beautiful land; and then that distant smoke would gradually settle down on the 'Hay huts' of our nearest village; the village maids with their healthy and youthfull breasts and rosy cheeks would carry water pots in their milky arms to the nearest brook and the men folk return in groups singing love legends of Laila Majnoo or the Naigrai, or the ever inspiring songs of the great Mahjoor.

How can I forget those harvest scenes when hay-stacks would be piled up sky high and as night sky would be shinning with the full moon; our village folk would burst into a riot of robust singing to the beats of the 'Tumbaknari' and the 'Nout', and the piercing tunes of a diminitive 'Sarang'

And what have we added to our life since then, except years of worry, habit of rushing from office to home and back, standing in quenes for hours only to get another opportunity to sit in dark halls, breathing in polluted breath and watch figures moving on a silver screen. The net result of all this leasure is, that we have lost the capacity to enjoy the wonderful companionship of our friends, our own family and our neighbours. We have no tine now to look on our sorrundings, to lingerer a while and amuse ourselves watching a king-fisher waiting for his next dip or the ducks floating lazily on silent and peaceful waters. If we have a few flower pots in the home we must wait for the professional mali who in his daily rounds must come for a few minutes to water them. We will not even know the names of flowers.

Ah ! let me go back and try to remember. It was probably one of those trips to Tulamula when in 'Dunga' we were floating up the 'nala' and we came on the bank in our pyjamas and cotton vests to feel on our shoulders the tension of the rope and pull the 'Dunga' upstream, and then as we came back from Manusbal we stopped at Sumbal to play 'Lathkinj Lathu'.

These joys of life are not peculiar to those care-free days of childhood. As the graciousness of age shows on our faces and our smile gets the mellow charm of inner contentment and peace, we learn to feel an inner fulfilment and gather through years of living, wisdom and maturity that radiates joy on our surroundings. Children, neighbours and friends would like to feel the charm and warmth of our presence and our talk would invariably become full of wisdom and wit.

But now we must wait until a Rajkapoor or a Jonnywalker ar the latest issue of the illustrated weekly, gives us a new joke to enliven our conversation.

We are like people who suffer from some vitamin deficiency and must make it up by taking some patent pills. The zest of life is not like one of those tablets that can be taken at regular intervals. No wonder Americans are the most drugged people in the World. No amount of night clubs, cinemas, televisions or radios can compensate for the natural joys of life what we delibarately deny ourselves.

As strength must come from the kitchen and not the chemists shop ; the joy of life comes from using leisure in creative and healthy persuits in the wonderful surronndings we live in even here, and sharing it with our friends, neighbours and our family.

कशमीर सभा

वार्षिक अंक

हिन्दी विभाग

सम्पादक

एम० के० ओग्रा

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चकबस्त स्मारक निधि, लखनऊ

श्री व्रज नारायण चकबस्त उर्दू के विख्यात कवि और धुरन्धर लेखक थे। उन्होंने काशमीरी समाज की २० वर्ष तक अनथक सेवा की। वह ४३ वर्ष की आयु में १२ फरवरी सन् १९२६ को स्वर्ग सिधारे। स्वर्गीय श्री व्रज कृष्ण टोपा ने यह स्मारक निधि स्थापित की और इसको रजिस्टर कराया। इसके व्याज से उन काशमीरी बालक और बालिकाओं को छात्रवृत्ति दी जाती है जिनकी आर्थिक स्थिति सन्तोषजनक नहीं है। इस निधि की आय केवल ४६०) वार्षिक है। पूँजी इतनी अल्प है कि हमको जितनी सहायता देनी चाहिए, हम नहीं दे सकते। हम प्रार्थना करते हैं कि आप अपने यहाँ विवाह, यज्ञोपवीत या अन्य खुशी मनाते समय उन छोटे बच्चों की ओर भी निहारिये जो सहायता के अधिकारी हैं। ऐसी खुशी के समय वह आपके स्नेह से क्यों वंचित रहें। ऐसे अवसर पर यदि आप कम से कम दस रुपये इन बच्चों के निमित्त हमें भेजने की कृपा करें तो बड़ा उपकार होगा और भगवान आपका कल्याण करें।

व्रज कृष्ण गुर्टू
कल्लन की लाट
लखनऊ

हमारे यहाँ के विवाह

[लेखक—ब्रजकृष्ण गुर्टू]

गत वर्ष मैंने आपको लखनऊ से कश्मीरी पण्डित के जीवन की १६१०-६० तक की झांकी दिखाई थी। इस वर्ष भी रैना साहब का आदेश है कि कुछ लिखूँ। अतः आपकी सेवा में उपस्थित हूँ। समाज में विवाह का बड़ा महत्व है। किसी समाज में विवाह के रीति-रिवाज से आप यह पता लगा सकते हैं कि वह समाज सभ्यता के किस स्तर पर है।

१६१० से आज का मुकाबला करके हमें यह देखना है कि हमने कुछ उन्नति की है या हम अवनति की ओर अग्रसर हो रहे हैं।

१६१० में विवाह के समय कन्या की आयु १० या १२ वर्ष से अधिक नहीं होती थी। परिणाम यह होता था कि १४ या १५ वर्ष की आयु में वह माँ बन जाती थी। ३० वर्ष की अवस्था में नानी या दादी अगर उसके पहले ही वह राज यक्ष्मा की शिकार न हो गई। ३५ वर्ष में बुढ़िया और ४५ वर्ष की आयु तक तो बेकार सी हो जाती थी। अब वह विवाह २० और ३० वर्ष की अवस्था में होते हैं। ४० वर्ष तक तो वह छोकरी बनी रहती है और साधारणतया लम्बी आयु पाती है। इसको तो हम उन्नति ही कहेंगे।

विवाह तय करने की रीति में भी अन्तर आ गया है। १९१० में केवल सुची हड्डी देख कर ही हम विवाह करते थे, अब हम सुची हड्डी को ध्यान में नहीं लाते। हमारे राजनैतिक संविधान में सब समान है। इसलिये उचित ही है कि हम सबको समान समझें। अब सुची हड्डी का मान नहीं है। अब तो धनी पिता की एकलौती लड़की का मूल्य विवाह की हाट में सबसे अधिक है। महंगाई के जमाने में ऐसा होना अनिवार्य है। संसार के सुख धनी को प्राप्त हैं। कवि ने कहा भी है—

> यस्यास्ति वित्तं स नरः कुलीनः
> स पण्डितः स श्रुतवान गुणाज्ञः।
> स एव वक्ता स च दर्शनीयः
> सर्वे गुणाः कांचनमाश्रयन्ते॥

अर्थात् जिसके पास धन है वही कुलीन है, वही पण्डित है, वही गुणों का परखने वाला व श्रुतवान है, वही बढ़िया वक्ता है, वह दर्शन करने योग्य है। स्वर्ण में सब गुण रहते हैं।

ऐसी परिस्थिति में हमारे युवक ऐसी कन्या से विवाह करना चाहते हैं जो धनी पिता की एकमात्र उत्तराधिकारिणी हो। ऐसे पिता के पास लड़की के हाथ के लिये प्रार्थना पत्र आते हैं और वह उनपर इस प्रकार से गौर करता है जैसे—Public Services Commission के मेम्बर नौकरी देते समय प्रार्थना पत्रों पर गौर करते हैं। धनी की एकमात्र उत्तराधिकारिणी सुन्दर, स्वस्थ, पढ़ी-लिखी कन्याओं से विवाह की हाट में बाजी मार ले जाती है, इससे पता लगता है कि हमारी सभ्यता का स्तर अभी बहुत नीचा है और हम संविधान की बात कि 'सब समान हैं' नहीं मानते।

कभी-कभी ऐसा होता है कि लड़के-लड़कियाँ आपस में विवाह तय कर लेते हैं और माता-पिता मुँह ताकते रह जाते हैं। परन्तु ऐसा बहुत कम होता है क्योंकि माता-पिता से अधिक लड़के धन के इच्छुक हैं।

बहरहाल विवाह तय होने में अब गुरुजी का हाथ बहुत कम हो गया है और जन्म पत्री मिलाने का मामला तो केवल न शादी करने के लिये एक बहाना सा ही रह गया है। यह भी मेरी समझ में अच्छी बात है। जो बात प्रत्यक्ष दीखाती है उसको देखिये, न कि नक्षत्रों की चाल को देखने का प्रयत्न कीजिये जो प्रत्यक्ष दीखती नहीं। साधारण श्रेणी के कश्मीरियों में विवाह में बनियों की तरह सौदा तो कभी नहीं होता था। पहले तीन, चार, पाँच, सात तान होते थे जिससे यह पता चलता था कि शादी में लेन-देन क्या होगा। अब यह भी नहीं कोई पूछता पर आँक अवश्य लेते हैं कि क्या देंगे। बड़ी लड़की की शादी में क्या दिया था। एक हद तक यह बात अच्छी है और इससे जाहिर होता है कि भारत में और जातियों के मुकाबले में हमारी सभ्यता का स्तर ऊँचा है। परन्तु कभी-कभी हमारे समाज में भी देखने में आता है कि हम कितने नीच हैं। कुछ दिन हुए एक बारात में विवाह होने के कुछ घण्टे पहले वर पक्ष वालों ने एक रेडियो व एक सोने के सिगरेट केस की मांग की। यों तो यह चीजें साधारण सी हो गई हैं और दी जाती हैं पर लड़की बुद्धिमती थी। उसने ऐसे घर में जाने से इनकार कर दिया और बारात को वापस जाना पड़ा। जब वह अपने शहर पहुँचे और वहाँ बिरादरी वालों ने बहू देखने के लिए आना शुरू किया तो लड़के की माता ने कहा, "वह तो बड़ी खैरियत हुई लड़की ब्याह के पहले किसी के संग भाग गई।" यह बड़ी ओछी बात थी पर बिरादरी थोड़ी होने के कारण बात छिप न सकी और सत्य बात सबको मालूम हो गई। परिणाम यह हुआ कि कन्या का विवाह तो हो गया परन्तु वर अभी तक कुँवारे बैठे हैं। यह तो शायद अच्छा ही हुआ।

पहले लड़के के स्वास्थ्य पर कुछ ध्यान नहीं दिया जाता था। इस

कारण कमजोर बीमार दिक लदों की शादी भी हो जाती थी। परन्तु अब इस पर ध्यान दिया जाता है। कुछ दिन हुए एक रोगी वर को लड़की वालों ने डाक्टर को दिखाया और जब मालूम हुआ कि वह क्षय रोग से ग्रस्त है तो बारात को किराया देकर वापस कर दिया। दोनों पक्ष वालों ने समझदारी से काम लिया और आपस में कोई गलत फहमी नहीं रही। ऐसा होना ही चाहिये।

विवाह में पहले बारात में आराइश आतशबाजी इत्यादि होती थी। नर्तकी का नाच होता था, यह अब नहीं होता। हमने नाच होने के कारण गराचुत का भोजन सुबह चार बजे लखनऊ में खाया है पर अब यह बात नहीं रही। यह अच्छा ही है।

भोजन की चीजों में पचास वर्ष में बहुत थोड़ा नहीं के बराबर परिवर्तन हुआ है। बारात में जो नुसखा हमारी चार पुश्तों पहले था वही अब भी है। मूँग की दाल, पुलाव, चामन, दम आलू, कबाब, खट्टा कद्दू, खूबानी, कुरकुरी, चटनी, मुरब्बा पहले भी चलते थे अब भी चलते हैं। हाँ पहले घी में पकते थे अब दालदे में। पहले भी लोग चिकनाई चाटते थे अब भी चाटते हैं। अन्तर उतना हो गया है पहले सफ पर बैठ कर खाते थे अब मेज पर खाते हैं। पहले सब चीज बँट जाने पर खाना शुरू होता था, अब जल्दी शुरू हो जाता है। पहले खाकर सब साथ उठते थे अब कोई रोक-टोक नहीं है। पहले भी लोग बारात में एक दूसरे का पेंट उधार लेकर जाते थे अब भी जाते हैं। खाने के अतिरिक्त चाय में मिठाई वगैरह पहले नहीं होती थी, अब उसका भी हंगामा रहता है। पहले एक दो चोरी से मदिरा पी कर खाना खाते थे अब बहुत से खुले आम पीकर खाते हैं। आप ही निश्चय कीजिये यह अच्छा है या बुरा।

पहले लेन-देन सीमाबद्ध था अब उसकी कोई सीमा नहीं है। पहले मासी, फूफी वगैरह को क्या देना है वह निश्चित था। वह एक गरीब के स्तर को देखते हुए था। अब इसमें होड़ होती है और गरीब बिचारों के लिये डूब मरने की बात हो जाती है।

शादी के बाद पहले भी बिरादरी भर में हिन्दुस्तान भर में खत जाते थे कि फलाने ने गले में क्या दिया, हाथों में क्या दिया। अब भी जाते हैं। पहले भी लोग हाथ में लेकर गहनों का वजन अन्दाजते थे अब भी अन्दाजते हैं।

शादी के बाद लड़के वाले ज्यादातर नाखुश जाते थे। अब भी नाखुश जाते हैं परन्तु पहले लड़की वाले हाथ जोड़ते थे, अब लड़की वालों के कानों पर जूँ नहीं रेंगती। कारण यह है कि पहले छोटी बच्चियों की शादी होती थी जिनपर लड़के वाले अपना गुस्सा निकालते थे। लड़की के मा-बाप इस भय से कांपते रहते थे। अब पढ़ी-लिखी बड़ी आयु की लड़कियाँ होती हैं। ज्यादातर अपने पति को लेकर घर से अलग हो जाती हैं और अगर पति देवता काबू में न आये तो नौकरी कर अपने पैरों पर खड़ी हो जाती हैं। यह तो अच्छा ही है।

पहले बिरादरी के बाहर शादी करना डूब मरने की बात थी। अब इसमें कोई ऐब नहीं समझा जाता। Sentiment जरूर कुछ hurt होता है। अन्य जाति में विवाह करने वाले घर से निकाल दिये जाते थे। वह विवाह चोरी छिपे होता था। अब हम सब सम्मिलित होते हैं। घर वाले उनको अपनाते हैं और वह भी सर ऊँचा करके चलते हैं। यह तो अच्छा ही है और समयानुकूल है।

थोड़े दिन की बात है हमारी परिचित एक कन्या ने अन्य जाति में विवाह किया। जब दो तीन वर्ष बाद मुझसे मिली तो मुझसे कहा-Meet my husband, Mr. Sinha. मैं बूढ़ा आदमी हक्का-बक्का रह गया। जबान से नहीं निकला So glad to meet you, Mr. Sinha.

मेरी समझ में यह मुझे कहना चाहिये था, परन्तु जिस परम्परा में पला था उसने मेरी जबान पर ताला लगा दिया था।

यह पढ़कर आप देखेंगे कि हमारे यहाँ विवाह के रीति-रिवाज में परिवर्तन हुआ है। होना चाहिये था। कुछ बातें अच्छी हैं। कुछ बुरी। ऐसा होता ही रहता है।

अच्छा होगा यदि हम विवाह में लड़की के पिता के धन को न ताक कर लड़की के गुणों की परख करें। लड़की वालों की गरीबी की खिल्ली न उड़ावें। उनको अपना भाई समझें। लेन-देन का स्तर अपने गरीब भाई के स्तर पर ले आवें कि हमारे गरीब भाई का सिर नीचा न हो। दिखावे में रुपया न फूंके क्योंकि हमारा गरीब भाई न फूँक सकने के कारण दिल में कुढ़ेगा।

इतने पढ़े-लिखे सभ्य होते हुए भी हमारे समाज में विधवा विवाह पहले भी नहीं होते थे, अब भी नहीं होते हैं। पहले बच्चियोंका विवाह होता था, अल्पावस्था में ही विधवा हो जाती थीं। अब ऐसा नहीं है। बड़ी उमर में शादी होती है, इसलिए बाल-विधवाएँ अब नहीं दिखतीं। फिर भी कभी-कभी विवाह के दो चार छः मास के अन्दर विधवा हो जाने वाली युवती की ओर ध्यान देना चाहिये।

पहले कभी-कभी हमारे यहाँ एक पत्नी के होते हुए दूसरा विवाह भी हो जाता था। कम था परन्तु था। अब कानून से इसका निषेध हो गया है। यह समस्या अब नहीं रही।

संयुक्त कुटुम्ब की प्रथा होने के कारण सास बहू में कलह रहती थी, अब उस प्रथा के टूटने के कारण उस कलह में कमी आ गई है।

अच्छा होगा यदि हमारे युवक हमारे दोषों को समझ उनको दूर करने का प्रयत्न करें। जो कहीं कोनों में गंदगी है उसे साफ करें।

यदि ऐसा हो सका तो हमारा भविष्य उज्ज्वल है नहीं तो हमारी छोटी सी बिरादरी अपना अस्तित्व अधिक समय तक कायम नहीं रख सकेगी।

युवको, तुम्हारे हाथ में इस नाव की पतवार है, जिधर अच्छा समझो ले चलो।

कश्मीरी की आदि कवियत्री :—

लल्लेश्वरी

कश्मीर की अपूर्व सौंदर्य छटा में संगीत, कविता और कला की माधुरी यों सम्मिश्रित है जैसे शिव और शक्ति, भाव और शब्द आकाश और उसकी नीलिमा एक स्वर में लयबद्ध हो गए हों। कश्मीरी की आदि कवियत्री लल्लेश्वरी ने इसी का अनुभव किया, और अपने 'वाखों' में इन्हीं अनुभूतियों को इस प्रकार मुखर किया कि सदियों बाद आज भी कश्मीर की घाटी उन्हीं 'वाखों' के संगीत को अपने हृदय की धड़कनों में बसाए हुए है।

१३४७ ई० में जब कि कश्मीर पर तृतीय मुस्लिम शासक सुल्तान अलाउद्दीन राज्य करता था, पाँद्रेण्ठन नामक गाँव में लल्लेश्वरी का जन्म हुआ। जब वह बारह वर्ष की हुई तो पाँपोर के एक पण्डित घराने में व्याह दी गई। यह पण्डित घराना पाँपोर के मुहल्ला द्रंगबल में रहता था। जिस लड़के के साथ लल्लेश्वरी का विवाह हुआ, उसकी माँ मर चुकी थी, और उसके पिता ने दूसरा विवाह किया हुआ था।

श्वसुर ने लल्लेश्वरी का नाम पद्मावती रखा। उसे अपनी बहू से बहुत प्यार था; वह सदा उससे सद्व्यवहार करता था। परन्तु पति की विमाता उसे बहुत ही तंग करने लगी; यहाँ तक कि वह उसे पेट भर खाना भी न देती। सास जब लल्लेश्वरी को खाना देने लगती तो चावलों के नीचे एक पत्थर रख देती, ताकि किसी को मालूम न हो कि चावल कम दिये हैं। वह प्रतिदिन खाना खाकर पत्थर को अच्छी तरह धोकर पुनः अपनी सास को लौटा देती। बारह वर्षों तक यही होता रहा। लल्लेश्वरी ने कभी कोई शिकायत न की। कोई ऐसा बोल होठों पर न आने दिया, जो सास के विरुद्ध हो। परन्तु बारह वर्षों के उपरान्त जब एक दिन लल्लेश्वरी जेहलम से पानी भरने के लिए गई थी, उसकी एक पड़ौसिन ने कहा, "आज तुम्हारे घर 'ग्रह शान्ति' के उपलक्ष में खाने-पीने का आयोजन हो रहा है; तुम्हें भी खूब खाने-पीने को मिलेगा।"

उसके उत्तर में लल्लेश्वरी ने कहा,

"हॉंड मा'रतन किनू कठ, नोंषि नीलवठ चलि नू जाह।

[घर वाले चाहे बड़ी भेड़ें मारें या छोटी, बहू की थाली में से पत्थर कभी न जाएगा।]

लल्लेश्वरी की यह बात उसके श्वसुर ने सुन ली। उसने इस बात की खोज निकालनी शुरू की। शाम को जब लल्लेश्वरी की थाली परोसी गई तो उसने देखा सचमुच चावलों के नीचे एक पत्थर रखा गया है। तब उसने अपनी पत्नी को बहुत बुरा-भला कहा। परन्तु इसकी प्रतिक्रिया यह हुई की लल्लेश्वरी पर अधिक अत्याचार होने लगे। विमाता ने बेटे को भी बहू के विरुद्ध भड़काया, और परिणामतः वह भी लल्लेश्वरी को कष्ट देने लगा। वह बेचारी दिन भर चर्खा कातती और उन का बारीक से बारीक तार निकालती, परन्तु उसकी सास कभी प्रसन्न न हुई। वह निरन्तर उसे कष्ट देती रही।

लल्लेश्वरी मुँह अन्धेरे उठकर नदी पर चली जाती थी। वहीं भगवान के ध्यान में मग्न हो जाती, परन्तु उसके पति को इसी बात पर सन्देह हो गया। एक दिन जब लल्लेश्वरी मुँह अन्धेरे अपनी छोटी सी मटकी उठाकर घर से चली तो उसका पति भी उसके पीछे पीछे हो लिया। थोड़ी दूर चलकर उसने जेहलम को यों पार किया, मानो धरती पर ही चल रही हो। पार जाकर वह नराकेश्वर भैरव के स्थापन के पास अपने ज्ञान-ध्यान में खो गयी। उसका पति उसकी हर बात देखता ही रह गया। उसे विश्वास हो गया कि उसकी पत्नी वस्तुतः पगली है। लल्लेश्वरी जब घर लौटी तो उसके पति ने क्रोधवश उससे सारी बात पूछी। वह क्या उत्तर देती, मौन रही। मौन देख पति और भी क्रोधित हुए, एक सोटे से उसने लल्लेश्वरी की मटकी तोड़ दी; मटकी तो टूट गई परन्तु उसमें भरा हुआ जल वैसे का वैसा ही रहा। लल्लेश्वरी बिल्कुल शान्त रही, और शिर पर रखा हुआ जल अन्य पात्रों में डालती गयी। घर के समस्त पात्र और घड़े भर गये, परन्तु बिना घड़े के सिर पर रखा हुआ जल कम न हुआ। फिर उसने खिड़की के पास जाकर जल बाहर फेंक दिया। कहते हैं उसी जल से वहाँ एक स्रोत फूट पड़ा, जो अब भी विद्यमान है और जिसे सब लोग 'लल-त्राग' कहते हैं।

इसी प्रकार जब अत्याचार बढ़ते ही चले गये और शेष सन्तोष न रहा तो पूरे बारह वर्षों के पश्चात् लल्लेश्वरी पति-गृह छोड़ गई। जब वह घर छोड़ कर चली तो उसने समस्त वस्त्र तथा आभूषण उतार फेंके, और नग्नावस्था में बाहर आ गई। इसी बीच लल्लेश्वरी का पेट इतना बढ़ गया था कि वह लटक कर घुटनों तक चला आया था। उस लटकते हुए पेट ने जैसे वस्त्र का काम ही दिया। उसी दिन से उसका नाम भी 'लल्ला' पड़ गया, क्योंकि कश्मीरी भाषा में लटके हुए पेट को 'लल' कहते हैं। घरबार त्यागने के पश्चात् वह गुरु सिद्ध श्रीकण्ठ की शरण में आई, जिससे उसने योग्याभ्यास सीखना प्रारम्भ किया। कहते हैं वह शीघ्र ही

गुरु से आगे बढ़ गई। कुछ ऐसी बातें भी सुनने में आती हैं, जिनसे अनुमान होता है कि उसने गुरु का अज्ञान भी दूर किया।

लल्लेश्वरी ने योग-दर्शन के उच्च सिद्धान्तों और अकाट्य सत्यों को कश्मीरी भाषा में समोया है। उसी ने सर्वप्रथम कश्मीरी कविता का प्रारम्भ किया। इतिहास में कहीं कहीं इस बात की चर्चा है कि लल्लेश्वरी से पहले भी कश्मीरी साहित्य का अस्तित्व था। कल्हण की 'राजतरंगिणी में, जो संस्कृत भाषा में लिखी गई है, कई शब्द शुद्ध कश्मीरी भाषा के मिलते हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त कश्मीर के लोग संस्कृत को भी देवनागरी लिपि के बजाय शारदा लिपि में लिखा करते थे। और शारदा लिपि लल्लेश्वरी से बहुत पहले की है। महात्मा श्रीकण्ठ ने अपनी एक पुस्तक में कश्मीरी भाषा में भी कुछेक वाक्य लिखे हैं। कुछ भी हो सत्य यह है कि कश्मीरी कविता का आरम्भ लल्लेश्वरी ने किया। वही इसकी आदि कवियत्री है।

लल्लेश्वरी के काव्य पर योग-दर्शन, शैव-दर्शन तथा श्रीमद्भाग्वत गीता का पर्याप्त प्रभाव है। इसके काव्य में कोई ही ऐसी पंक्ति होगी जिसमें इन दर्शनों का प्रभाव न हो, परन्तु इसके बावजूद उसे न केवल अपने समय के कवियों में सर्वोच्च स्थान प्राप्त है, वरन् अब भी जबकि कश्मीरी कविता में कई नए प्रयोग हुए हैं, लल्लेश्वरी की कला तक कोई नहीं पहुँच पाया। लल्लेश्वरी के समसामयिक कई कवि थे, जिनमें से बाबा-नसर-उद्दीन और शेख नूरउद्दीन, इसी रंग में रंगे हुए थे। अन्तर केवल इतना था कि उन पर योग दर्शन और शैवमत के अतिरिक्त इस्लाम का प्रभाव भी था। एक बार जब ये तीनों एक स्थान पर बैठे हुए थे, बाबा नसर-उद्दीन बोल उठे:—

सिर्यस ह्यू न प्रकाश कुने
गंगि ह्यू न तीरथ काँह
बा' इस ह्यू न बाँदव कुने
रत्रि ह्यू न सौंख काँह

(सूर्य सा प्रकाश किसी में नहीं, गंगा सा महातीर्थ कोई अन्य नहीं, भाई सा नाता कोई और नहीं और पत्नी जैसा सुख कोई नहीं)।

बाबा नसर-उद्दीन के पद्य सुनकर शेख नूरउद्दीन (जिन्हें सामान्यतः नुन्द ऋषि भी कहा जाता है) बोल उठे :—

अंछिन ह्यू न प्रकाश कुने, कोठ्यन ह्यू न तीरथ काँह
चन्दस ह्यू न बाँदव, कुने, ख्यनस ह्यु न सौंख काँह

(आँखों जैसी ज्योति किसी में नहीं; घुटनों जैसा तीर्थ कोई नहीं; अपने जेब के बराबर कोई नाती नहीं; और खाने हँसने के बराबर कोई सुख नहीं)।

लल्लेश्वरी भी पास ही बैठी थी, बाबा नसर उद्दीन और शेख नूर उद्दीन के पद्य सुन कर कह उठी :—

मयस ह्यू न प्रकाश कुने, पयस ह्यू न तीरथ काँह
दयस ह्यु न बाँदन कुने, भयस ह्यु न सौंख काँह।

(शिव की प्रेम-मदिरा के समान कोई ज्योति नहीं; शिव की खोज के तुल्य कोई तीर्थ नहीं; स्वयं शिव सा कोई नातेदार नहीं और शिव के समान संसार में कोई सुख नहीं)।

इन तीनों पद्यों से एक बात तो स्पष्ट हो ही जाती हैं, कि लल्लेश्वरी अपने समसामयिक कवियों के समक्ष न केवल ज्ञान, योग और दर्शन में बढ़ी हुई थी, वरन् वह उन से उच्च कोटि की कवियित्री भी थी, उसके ऐसे 'वाखों' में न केवल उच्च विचार तथा शिव पर पूर्ण विश्वास ही है, वरन् काव्य-सौन्दर्य भी दर्शनीय है।

लल्लेश्वरी ने सबसे अधिक जिस बात पर जोर दिया, वह है अद्वैतवाद अर्थात्, इस संसार का कण-कण 'एक' ही का अंश है। पेड़, फल, फूल वन-पर्वत, नदियाँ, मैदान, पत्थर, धरती, जलवायु अर्थात् प्रत्येक वस्तु 'एक' ही के विभिन्न अंश हैं। इन सबकी आत्मा उसी 'एक' से मिली हुई है। चूँकि ललदद्य शैव मतावलम्बी थी, और शैव मतावलम्बी प्रत्येक उस वस्तु को जिसे देखा, सुना, छूआ, सूँघा अथवा अनुभव किया जा सके, में शिव की स्थापना मानते हैं, इसलिए उसने भी इसी विचार को इस प्रकार प्रकट किया है :—

हेँरि ति मेच्य्य वॊन ति मेचय,
में च्य्य छाँडान लूसतुम दोह!
वुछिम ज्ञानस अन्दर ति मेंच्य्य
में-चे त पानस दितुम छोह!

(मेरे लिए तो ऊपर भी तुम हो, नीचे भी तुम हो। तुम्हें ढूँढ़ते २ मेरा सारा दिन व्यतीत हो गया। मैंने ज्ञान के भीतर भी तुम्हें ही देखा। मैंने तुम्हें और अपने आपको भली भाँति देख लिया है)।

सारे ब्रह्मांड, मनुष्य के जन्म-मरण, और स्वयं मनुष्य को उसने शिव के रूप में यों देखा :—

असी आ' स्य तू असी आसव
असी दोर करि पतय वथ
शिवस सोरि नू ज्यॊन तू मरुन
रवस सोरि नू इतय - गथ!

(हम पहले भी थे; हम आगे भी होंगे। हमने अतीत से भविष्य तक सब कुछ देखा! हम जो शिव हैं, हमारे लिये जन्म लेने और मरने का क्रम कभी समाप्त नहीं होगा। जिस प्रकार सूर्य के आने जाने का क्रम कभी स्थगित नहीं होता)।

लल्लेश्वरी ने लोगों को भी उसी (शिव) पथ पर चलने की सीख दी। दैनिक जीवन के सामान्य उदाहरणों से उसने जनता को 'एक' होने को कहा :—

शिव छुय थलि थलि रोजान
मव जान ह्यॊन्द तू मुस्लमान
त्रुक अय छुक तू पान पनुन परजान
सॊइ छय साहिबस सा'ती ज्ञान

(शिव ही ब्रह्माण्ड के कण-कण में रमा है। इसलिये हे मनुष्य तू हिन्दू और मुसलमान को अलग-अलग न समझ। यदि तू बुद्धिमान है तो अपने आप को पहचानने का यत्न कर। 'साहब' से जान पहचान करने का वही एक रास्ता है)।

हिन्दू मुसलिम एकता की यह शिक्षा न केवल लल्लेश्वरी ने कश्मीरियों को दी, वरन् उसके समसामयिक कवियों बाबा नसर-उद्दीन तथा शेख नूर उद्दीन और अन्य हिन्दू मुसलिम कवियों तथा सूफियोंने भी लोगों को इस राह पर चलने को कहा। इन्हीं पूजनीय महानुभावों की शिक्षा के कारण ही कश्मीर में एक नये धर्म, नई शिक्षा तथा नये सिद्धान्त का उदय हुआ, जहाँ शैवमत तथा इस्लाम का सुन्दर सामंजस्य है। यही कारण है कि अब भी यहाँ हिन्दुओं और मुसलमानों के पुण्यस्थान साथ-साथ हैं। वास्तव में उस समय दोनों जातियाँ शिव की अमिट और अटल शक्ति को अविभाज्य समझती थीं। और दोनों अपने-अपने पुण्य स्थानों में कोई अन्तर नहीं समझते थे। फिर भी बदलते हुए समय के प्रभावों को स्वीकार करना ही पड़ता है।

यहाँ यह कहना आवश्यक है कि लल्लेश्वरी के दर्शन और इस्लाम के सूफी मत में बहुत कम अन्तर है। दोनों एक दूसरे के बहुत अधिक निकट हैं। इसके साथ ही यदि हम भक्त कबीर के दोहे पढ़ें तो लल्लेश्वरी के वाखों से बहुत ही मेल खाते हुए दिखाई देंगे। इसका कारण यही है कि दोनों भारतीय संस्कृति और भारत के विभिन्न दर्शनों से प्रभावित थे।

लल्लेश्वरी सारे ब्रह्माण्ड को शिव का वाह्य रूप समझ कर योग और काव्य साधना में रत रही। एक ओंकार का उच्चारण करती हुई वह आगे बढ़ती गई और अधिकाधिक रहस्यों तथा सत्यों को प्रकट करती रही :—

दम दम ओमकार मन परनोवम
पानय परान तू पानय बोजान
सोऽहम् पदस अहम् गोलुम
तेँलि लल बो वचस प्रकाश-स्थान
... ...
ओमुय अकुय अक्षुर पोँरुम
सुय हा मालि रोटुँम वोँन्दस मंज
सुय मालि कजि प्याठ गोँरुम तू चोँरुम
आसस सरतल तू सपनूस स्वन

(मैंने हर समय अपने मन को ओंकार पढ़ाया। शिव तो स्वयं उसे पढ़ रहा था। और स्वयं ही सुन रहा था। जब 'सोऽहम' शब्द से मैंने अहं समाप्त कर दिया तो फिर मैं लल्लेश्वरी उसी अखण्ड प्रकाश में विलीन हो गई।

मैंने एक शब्द ओम् पढ़ा। उसे मैंने अपने मन में स्थान दिया। उसे मैंने मन की शिला पर संवारा निखारा, और मैं जो पीतल थी, स्वयमेव सोना बन गई।)

लल्लेश्वरी ने बारम्बार इस सत्य को प्रगटाया कि केवल शास्त्राध्ययन, गीता-वाचन अथवा शिव वंदना ही एक योगी के लिए पर्याप्त नहीं। उसे आत्म-ज्ञान के लिए बहुत कुछ अपेक्षित है।

परुन स्वलभ तू पालुन दुर्लभ
सहज गारुन सूक्ष्म तू क्रूठ
अभ्यास की गन्यरय शास्त्र मोँठुम
चोतनस आनन्द निश्मय गोम!
... ...
गोँर शब्दस युस पछ-यछ वरे
ज्ञान - वगि रटि चयत-त्रुकस
अन्र्य शोमरिथ आनन्द करे
अद कुस मारि तू मारन कस

(पढ़ना आसान है, और आचरण कठिन। मित्र (शिव) को खोजना जोखिम का काम है। जब मैंने शिव को पाने के लिए योगाभ्यास प्रारम्भ किया तो मैं समस्त शास्त्र भूल गई। और जो सच्चिदानन्द शिव है उसका मिलना मेरे लिए निश्चित हो गया)।

(वह जो गुरु की बात को सप्रेम ग्रहण करे, और उस पर विश्वास करे और जो ज्ञान की लगाम से मन रूपी अश्व को अपने आधीन करे, वह अपनी अनुभूतियों को संयत रख कर आलौकिक आनन्द प्राप्त करेगा। तब उसे कौन मारेगा—और कौन किसको मारेगा)। लल्लेश्वरी एक पगली के समान गली-गली और बाजार-बाजार फिरती रही। उसका मन—उसकी आत्मा—परमात्मा में लीन हो चुकी थी। परन्तु क्षणभंगुर शरीर में वह फिर भी जीवित थी। घूमते फिरते (ऐसा लोगों में प्रचलित है) एक दिन उसकी नजर मीर सैयद शाह हमदान पर पड़ी। उसे देखते ही वह एक बनिये की दुकान में छिपने के लिये घुसी। बनिए ने उसे जगह न दी तो वह सामने ही एक नानबाई की दुकान में घुस गई, और उसकी तपती भट्टी में छलांग लगा दी। बेचारा नानबाई डर गया, उसने तन्नूर को ढक दिया। थोड़ी ही देर बाद लल्लेश्वरी स्वर्ण आभूषण और सुन्दर वस्त्र धारण किये हँसते हुए तन्नूर से बाहर निकली, और शाह हमदान से मिलने के लिए चली गयी।

लल्लेश्वरी जैसी महान योगिन को ऐसा क्यों करना पड़ा ? इस सम्बन्ध में कहते हैं, जिस समय शाह हमदान ईरान में रहते थे, तब वहाँ तैमूर का शासन था। एक बार किसी सैयद के झूठ और कपट को देखकर, क्रोधवश यह आदेश दिया कि तमाम सैयद अपनी महानता और पवित्रता प्रमाणित करने के लिये गर्म लोहे के घोड़े पर सवार हों। कहते हैं मीर सैयद अली शाह हमदान के अतिरिक्त कोई भी इस परीक्षा में उत्तीर्ण नहीं हुआ और लल्लेश्वरी ने उसके कश्मीर आने पर भट्टी में इसीलिए छलांग लगाई कि शाह हमदान को अपनी परीक्षा में उत्तीर्ण होने पर जो घमण्ड हो गया है, दूर हो जाये और उसे यह भी ज्ञात हो जाए कि कश्मीर देश भी महायोगियों से रिक्त नहीं।

योग के दुष्कर मार्गों से चल कर लल्लेश्वरी उस उच्च स्थान पर पहुँची जो महायोगियों को भी प्राप्त नहीं होता। पूर्णमाशी के दिन वह एक पात्र के भीतर प्रवेश कर जाती थी। और सिर पर एक और पात्र रख लेती थी। फिर धीरे धीरे चाँद के घटने के साथ साथ यह भी उन दो पात्रों के बीच सिमटती जाती थी। यहाँ तक कि अमावस्या के दिन उसका शरीर दोनों पात्रों में विलीन हो जाता था। पुन: धीरे धीरे चाँद के बढ़ने के साथ-साथ वह भी बढ़ती जाती थी और आगामी पूर्णमाशी के दिन वह उन पात्रों से बाहर निकल आती थी। योग और उसके रहस्य वेत्ता कहते हैं कि संसार में बहुत ही कम योगी इस कला के ज्ञाता होते हैं।

योग में इतनी सिद्धहस्त होने के अतिरिक्त वह एक महान कवियित्री तो थी ही। काव्य-वाटिका में उसने कुछ ऐसे फूल खिलाए हैं कि अब तक वह उपत्यका उनसे सुगन्धित है। समय की विडम्बना है कि वे समस्त काव्य पुष्प इस समय अप्राप्त हैं। फिर भी वाखों का एक भाग तो हम तक पहुँचा ही है।

आम्यन टाक्यन पोञ जन श्रमान
दिल छुम भ्रमान गर् गद्य ह ।
आमि पन सौंदरस नावि छस लमान।
बोजि न दय म्योन म्य ति दी तार।

अर्थात्—

"खींच रही हूं श्वासों के कच्चे धागे से जीवन नाव!
नष्ट हुई जाती हूं ज्यों पचती मृन्पात्रों में जलधार!
काश, दैव सुनता मेरा क्रन्दन, मेरी करुण पुकार!
इस भीषण संसार सिंधु से कर देता मुझको पार!
मैं अपने घर जाती, मुझसे सहा न ज़ाता अब विलगाव!"

आनव सा'तिय तन नो आची
गाड् तू वोंदर भोंट ख़.ति नू जाह
परतल्यन सा'त्य र्योश नो बनख
हर यब्द्र महल्य कलू तूल नूजाह!

(प्रतिदिन नहाने से तुम्हारा शरीर शुद्ध नहीं होगा। मछलियाँ और ऊद बिलाव पानी में ही जो रहते हैं, कब उस पद पर पहुँचे हैं। रोज-रोज सिजदा करने से तुम ऋषि नहीं बन सकते, क्योंकि धान कूटने के मूसल ने कभी सिर नहीं उठाया।)

लल्लेश्वरी के जो पद्य हम तक पहुँचे हैं, उनमें तनिक भी काव्य सौन्दर्य की न्यूनता नहीं। रोजमर्रा और सामान्य बोल-चाल में प्रयुक्त होने वाले मुहावरे आदि की भरमार है, अनुपम उपमाएँ हैं। असंख्य ऐसे पद्य हैं जो उदाहरण बन चुके हैं।

लल्लेश्वरी के व्यक्तित्व के साथ और भी असंख्य कहानियाँ सम्बद्ध हैं। इन्हें किंवदन्तियाँ ही कह लीजिये, परन्तु यह इस बात का प्रमाण तो हैं कि प्रत्येक कश्मीरी—चाहे हिन्दु हो या मुसलमान लल्लेश्वरी के प्रति अपने मन में असीम श्रद्धा भक्ति रखता है।

जब जीवन पथ से मुक्त होकर वह बिजबिहारा में अन्तर्ध्यान हो गई तो हिन्दु-मुसलमान दोनों ने अपने अपने प्रकार से अन्तिम संस्कार करने को ठानी। पर हुआ यों कि जब दोनों ओर तैयारियाँ हो गईं तो देखा लल्लेश्वरी का शरीर अग्निरूप में परिवर्तित होकर आकाश की ओर उड़ गया, और धरा पर कुछ भी न रहा।

उद्धृत 'योजना' विशेषांक, १९६०

●

'एक लघु कथा'

मकान मालिक का लड़का

सुरेन्द्र मुन्शी 'नवीन', तृतीय वर्ष कला

मेरे दिल्ली पहुँचने के दूसरे दिन बाद ही मेरे चाचाजी एवं चाचीजी ने अपने मकान-मालिक के लड़के से मुझे बातचीत न करने की विशेष हिदायतें दे दीं। चाचीजी ने उसकी आदतों एवं कारनामों का कुछ इस ढंग से बढ़ा-चढ़ाकर वर्णन किया कि मैं वास्तव में घबड़ा गया। पास ही बैठी नीना भी बात की पोंछ जोड़ना न भूली, अतएव उसने भी काफी सहमे हुए मुझे अपनी नन्हीं सलाह देते कहा कि "भैया! उससे बात मत करना, वह काफी खतरनाक है। जरा-जरा सी बात पर हाथ में वह बड़े-बड़े पत्थर उठा लेने में जरा भी नहीं डरता। कमला चाची के राजू के पैर पर उसी ने एक बड़ा-सा पत्थर उठाकर मार दिया था, जिसके कारण उसको दो महीने तक बिस्तर पर पड़ा रहना पड़ा। जब कमला चाची ने उसे डांटा तो साफ कह दिया कि मैंने अच्छा किया है। मैं तो उसके साथ डर के मारे बात भी नहीं करती।' यह सुनकर मैं काफी चकराया और कौतूहल वश चाचीजी से पूछ बैठा—यह क्या पागल है?

"पागल है क्या, औरों को पागल बनाता रहता है। माँ-बाप से डरने की बात तो दूर रही उन्हीं को दिन में दस बार यह कहकर डराता है कि अगर उन्होंने उस पर ज्यादती की तो वह पास वाले तालाब में

डूब मरेगा। बचपन में कहीं नजर लग गयी थी, इसलिये जरा कभी-कभी गरम हो जाता है। मगर माँ-बाप के सीधापन के कारण जरा ज्यादा गरमी आ गयी है। इस छोकड़े को संभालने में रखा ही क्या है—पर चार लड़कियों के बाद पैदा होने के कारण जरा माँ लिहाज किया करती है।" चाचीजी ने एक ही साँस में अपनी विचार-धारा बहा डाली और कुछ समझने के लिये मैं बीच में ही पूछ बैठा, "मगर चाची! अगर तुम्हारा भी ऐसा ही कोई लड़का होता तो?"

"मेरा! अरे हाँ! मैं तो ऐसे लड़के को या तो घर से निकाल देती या खुद ही निकल जाती। चुल्हे में जाय ऐसे लड़के, राम-राम तुमने भी क्या कह डाला," और यह कहती हुई वह रसोई से तरकारी जलने की गन्ध पा रसोई में चली गयी। मैं उसके बारे में तरह-तरह की कल्पनायें करने लगा। बाद में बातचीत के दौरान में मुझे मालूम हुआ कि पढ़ने के नाम पर गोबर गणेश तथा पहनने के मामले में पूरा महेश है। सुबह से शाम तक इधर-उधर दिल्ली की गलियों में चक्कर लगाना उसकी समय तालिका है। समय के अनुसार बदलते खेल—जैसे पतंग उड़ाना, लट्टू नचाना, गोली खेलना और कभी-कभी मार-पीट करना भी उसे काफी पसन्द है।

दूसरे दिन जब मैं बरण्डे में बैठा चाय पी रहा था, तभी नीना ने बरण्डे की दूसरी तरफ इशारा करते हुए मुझे एक पतला-सा लड़का दिखाया और कान में धीरे से कहा, "वही मकान-मालिक का लड़का है।" मैंने काफी आश्चर्य से उसको देखा। वह एक गंदा सा सफेद रंग का हाफपैण्ट तथा एक साफ धुली हुई गंजी पहने था। देखने में दस-बारह साल से ज्यादा का नजर नहीं आता था। कुछ देर बाद वह हमारी तरफ ही आ पड़ा और मुझे नया देख घूर-घूर कर देखने लगा, फिर एकाएक नीना की तरफ मुड़ते हुए बोल उठा "यह कौन है रे?" वह धीरे से यह बोली कि "मेरे भैया हैं"। भाग गयी। उसके जाने के बाद वह पास वाली कुर्सी पर बैठ गया और जरा मेरी तरफ झुकते हुए बोला, "इन लोगों ने मेरी काफी बुराइयाँ तो आपके सामने की ही होंगी।"

"नहीं तो!" मैंने एक छोटा सा जवाब दिया। "ये सब मुझे पागल समझते हैं। पर मैं पागल नहीं हूँ। ये जो नीना के पिताजी हैं ना देखने में काफी शरीफ नजर आते हैं पर हैं नम्बरी आदमी। सुपारी के डब्बे में से एक दो टुकड़े खा लिये तो जाकर बाबूजी से यह कह आये कि मैंने सारा सुपारी का डब्बा खतम कर दिया है। तबसे तो मैं कभी इनके घर का पकाया खाता ही नहीं हूँ। नीना की माँ ने कई बार खाने के साथ जहर मिलाकर खिलाने की भी चेष्टा की थी, पर मैंने कभी नहीं खाया।"

मैं यह सब सुन काफी आश्चर्यचकित हो गया। फिर उसको समझाने के खयाल से मैंने उससे एक सीधा-सा सवाल पूछा, "मगर नीना की माँ को तुम्हारे मर जाने से क्या फायदा मिलेगा जो वह तुम्हें जहर खिलायेगी?"

वह तपाक से बोला, "अजी मिलेगा क्या नहीं? सब कुछ मिलेगा, यह मकान, आराम और क्या-क्या, कहाँ तक गिनाऊँ। दरअसल बात यह है बाबू सीधे स्वभाव के आदमी हैं। किसी भी आदमी के बहकावे में जल्दी आ जाते हैं। पर मैं तो अपने सामने किसी की भी दाल नहीं गलने देता, अतएव ये सब मुझे काँटा समझ कर रास्ते से हटाना चाहते हैं। पर मुझको फँसाना कोई मजाक नहीं है। यह नीना बिचारी ही केवल थोड़ी शरीफ है, लेकिन अगर इनके संगत में अधिक दिन तक रही तो यह भी माँ बाप के जैसी हो जायेगी।" इतने में ही नौकर ने तश्तरी में गरम-गरम पकोड़े डाले। मैंने उनकी तरफ इशारा करते हुए कुछ खाने के लिये कहा, मगर वह यह कहकर चला गया कि हमारे घर में भी बने हैं।

उसके जाने के बाद मैं देर तक उसके बारे में सोचता रहा। जिस आजादी से वह मेरे सामने ही मेरे चाचाजी और चाचीजी के बारे में भला-बुरा कह गया वह वास्तव में आश्चर्यजनक था। दूसरे, तीसरे दिन वह मुझसे फिर मिला। फिर इसी तरह बातें की। धीरे-धीरे वह मुझसे काफी मिल-जुल गया। वह अब अपना अधिक समय गलियों में न काट मेरे पास ही काटने लगा। उसने धीरे-धीरे मुझसे अपनी सब बातें बता डालीं। अपने लोगों की नजरों में बुरा होने के कारण बता डाले। उसकी बातों में मुझे कुछ-कुछ वास्तविकता मालूम हुई। न जाने क्यों मुझे भी उससे कुछ प्रेम-सा हो गया और मैं भी उसकी बातों में कुछ-कुछ दिलचस्पी लेने लगा। जिस दिन मैं दिल्ली से घर लौटने वाला था, उस दिन वह सुबह से मेरे पास नहीं आया। मैंने काफी खोजा पर वह नहीं मिला। जब मैं टैक्सी पर सामान लदवा कर चलने लगा तो वह मुझे आखिरी बार मकान के बरण्डे पर खड़ा दिखाई पड़ा, उसकी आँखों में आँसू थे।

कुछ "ललवाख"

कशमीरी

आयस् ति स्योदुय त गछ ति स्योदुय
स्यदिस होल कर्यम् क्याह ?
ब तस आसस आगरय व्यदय
व्यदिस तव्यन्दिस कर्यम् क्याह ॥१॥

अन्दरिय आयस चन्दरय गारान
गारान आयस हिह्यन हिह्य ।
चय नारान चय अथ दारान
चय मारान यिन कव विह्य ।२॥

गगन चय भूतल चय
चय द्यन पवन त राथ ।
अर्घ चन्दुन पोष पोञ चय
चय सकल तय लाग्यजिस क्याह ॥३।

लल बु लूसस छांडान त ग्वारन
हल म्य क्वरमस रसान शतिय ।
बुछुन ह्योयमस तार्य डीठ मस बरन
म्यति कल गनेयि जि जोगमस ततिय ॥३॥

हिन्दी अनुवाद—शशि शेखर तोषखानी

सजनि ! मैं प्रिय की चिर पहचानी
प्रियतम की नगरी की मैंने सीधी गैल गही
डिगा सकेगा मुझ सरला को कोई कुटिल कहीं ?
मैं उनकी अपनी युग-युग से प्यारी सदा रही
बाधा कौन ? कि मैंने प्रिय की सरल राह ही जानी
सजनि ! मैं प्रिय की चिर पहचानी ॥१॥

खोज फिरी मैं अपने शशि को मन के नील गगन में !
अन्तर खोज, चली मैं बाहर, हेर चुकी पथ सारे
सोच कि मुझसा कौन ? कि दीखा सभी कहीं तू प्यारे
तू ही जग पालक, तू ही भिक्षुक बन हाथ पसारे
अद्भुत यह व्यापार ! कि तू ही मुस्का रहा मरण में
खोज फिरी मैं अपने शशि को मन के नील गगन में ॥२॥

देव फिर पूजा कैसी आज ?
तू ही पवन, गगन-भूतल तू, तू ही दिन तू रात
तू ही अर्घ्य पुष्प जल चन्दन, सब कुछ तू ही तात
व्यर्थ आरती ! व्यर्थ अर्चना की यह भ्रममय बात !
व्यर्थ ये पूजा के सब साज !
देव फिर पूजा कैसी आज ? ॥३॥

सखि री ! मैं तो खोज थकी घर प्रिय का
झेल हजारों कष्ट, अन्त में मिली कन्त की नगरी
झांका मैंने : बन्द द्वार थे, कांपे उत्सुक पग री
कच्ची मेरी प्रीत न समझे किन्तु कभी यह जग री
बैठ गई मैं द्वार पिया के नेह जताने हिय का
सखि री ! मैं तो खोज थकी घर प्रिय का ॥४॥

उद्धृत योजना वर्षाङ्क

'सोन्तचि गाह'

बी० के० मोजा

पिछले वर्षांक में श्री मोजा की 'यादि कश्मीर' ने सबों को आकर्षित किया। आपको याद होगा श्री मोजा औषधि क्षेत्र में उच्च रिसर्च के हेतु जेकोसुलवाकिया सरकार की छात्र वृत्ति प्राप्त करके भारत सरकार की तरफ से चुने जाने पर तीन वर्ष के लिये इस वर्ष फरवरी में हमसे अलग हुए। यहाँ से जाते समय "नवरेह" के मनोरंजक दिवस पर उन्होंने यह शीर्षक कविता रचित की।

"सोंत" कश्मीरी में वसन्त को कहते हैं। श्री मोजा इस कविता में जाड़े की अकथ पीड़ा का वर्णन करते हुए "सोंत" को रक्षक के रूप में आने का निमंत्रण करते हैं। सभी प्राणी तथा निर्जीव वस्तुएँ जो जाड़े के अत्याचार से अपना सब सौन्दर्य खो बैठते हैं, "सोंत" के लिये तरसते हैं और उसको शीघ्र आने का अनुरोध करते हैं। —सम्पादक

सोन्तचि गाह

सोन्तचि गाह त्राव यारि जानानो
पोशे वागन वुज़नाव चय।
सोजचि लय खार दिलि जानानो
मनच्यन तारन अलनाव चय।

शिठिमिति पश तय पंछी यारो
लगिमिति छि कोह तय बाल हो लो।
कुमलाव कनि हिछि शीनय मान्यो
ह्वखिमिति नालन ग्रजनाव चय।

जाम रस्ति व्रान कुल्यन हन्ज़ कतारो
मन्दछान पनने हालो लो।
पोशाक पारू सब्जे बहारो
स्वन्दरमालन स्वन्दराव चय।

तूर खच चाने दूर्यर यारो
दोह क्वड तपि तपि नार हो लो।
नारतति सान्य वुछि बोनिश्यहजारो
तन क्यन दागन संबलाव चय।

नालान छु बुल्बुल वन्द के हालो
त्रावान अशिने धारो लो।
आर हति नाल बोज ही मददगारो
अड़ फटि भामन फ्वलनाव चय।

बोम्बुर छु फेरान बडि आशाये
यम्बर जलनयि छान्डान लो।
आशा पूर कर ही दयावानो
मन अभिलाषन पूरनाव चय।

रूशिथ छि गामच महफिल यारो
तूशिथ छि मय तय प्यालो लो।
व्रि व्रि चावनाव प्रेमुक प्यालो
दगि रोस दाध्यन बलनाब चय।

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"वसन्त का सौन्दर्य"

आओ वसन्त — यार सौन्दर्य छा,
फूल बगियन को जगाओ तू।
संगीत की मधुर ध्वनि ला,
मन के तारों को हिलाओ तू।

शीत पीडित हैं सब पंछी यार,
जम गये हैं पर्वत सब।
वर्फ के ढेलों को पिघला,
सूखे झरनों में जान भरो तू।

पेड़ पडे हैं वीरान सब,
हो रहे लज्जित अपनी अवस्था देख।
सब्ज पोशाक सबको पहना,
दे दो वापिस सुन्दरता तू।

शीत काँपित हम सब हो दूर तू,
आग तपते तपते प्रतीक्षा में बीते दिन।
दूर कर आग की पीडा चिनार की ठण्डक ला
तन की पीडा सुधारो तू।

रोता है बुल्बुल जाड़े का मारा,
बहा रहा है अश्रु धारा।
ओ मददगार यार सुनो विनती शीघ्र आ,
अधखिले भावों को प्रकाश दो तू।

भौंरा घूम रहा है लेकर आशा पूर,
ढूँढ़ रहा अपनी चमेली को।
हे दयावान करने आशा पूरण आ,
अभिलाषाएँ सफल कर तू।

वीरान पड़ी महफिल रूठी है अब,
मय और प्याले सब पड़े बिखरे हैं।
प्रेम का रस तू आ पिला,
बेदर्द रोगों का चिकित्सक हो तू॥

हिन्दी अनुवाद—सम्पादक

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कला और कलाकार

विजय मुन्शी, कक्षा नवम् (विज्ञान)

(भारत कलाकारों का देश है, पर गरीबी ने उनकी कला पर पर्दा डाला है। यह कहानी उसी का दिग्दर्शन कराती है।)

"बाबू एक पैसा'........

मैं जिस समय अपने दूकानदार से बात कर रहा था, उस समय ही बीच में यह आवाज मेरे कानों में आ पड़ी। मैंने ज्योंही नजर मोड़ कर देखा त्योंही गरीबी का उदाहरण लिया हुआ एक जवान आदमी मेरे आंखों के सामने दीख पड़ा। एक फटी चादर का आधा हिस्सा उसने लपेट रखा था, और आधा धोती का काम देता था, जबकि मैंने उस सर्दी में स्वेटर, मफलर आदि से शरीर लपेट रखा था। लम्बे-लम्बे बाल जिन्होंने शायद ही किसी दिन तेल के दर्शन किये होंगे मुँह से नीचे लटक रहे थे, जिस प्रकार सूखे वृक्ष की लताएँ पतझड़ में लटकती रहती हैं। मैंने उसे अपने हाथ में रखा एक आना दे दिया। फिर कौतूहलवश मैंने उससे पूछ लिया 'तुम क्यों नहीं काम कर लेते ?' एक दीर्घ निश्वास छोड़ उसने कहा,'बाबू! काम मिलना भी चाहिए या नहीं और मेरा मन कला के सिवा और किसी में नहीं लगता।' मेरे पूछने पर कि तुम किस कला में प्रवीण हो, उसने उस फटी चादर को टटोलकर एक पेन्सिल निकाली जोकि उस कलाकार की एक मात्र कला की प्रतीक थी। वह व्यग्र होकर कहने लगा कि 'मैं चित्र बनाना जानता हूँ और अगर आज्ञा हो तो बनाऊँ।' मैंने कलाकार की उस कामना को तोड़ना अच्छा न समझा, अतएव मैंने उसे एक पन्ना दे दिया तथा दिवाल पर रख उसने कुछ ही मिनटों में मेरे सामने सूर्योदय का वह दृश्य उस अधछिली पेन्सिल से बना कर दिया जिसे देख मैं अवाक् हो गया। मेरे सामने कला अपना हँसता हुआ रूप लिये तथा कलाकार अपना भिखारी सा रूप लिये खड़ा था — इतने में मेरे एक मित्र महोदय वहाँ आ पहुंचे और जब उन्हें मालूम हुआ तो वे अपने साथियों से लगे चर्चा करने कि अफसोस! यह भारती शिल्पी है, अगर वह रूस अथवा अमेरिका में होता तो इसकी यह हालत नहीं होती। अपने उन मित्रों को उन बातों में ही छोड़कर मैं उस शिल्पी को लेकर रंग की दूकान पर पहुंचा; वहाँ मैंने तीन-चार रुपये के रंग और ड्रांइग पेपर दिलवाये तथा उससे मैंने उन पर चित्र बनाकर बेचने की सलाह दी। दूसरे ही दिन अपने मित्रों से मुझे मालूम हुआ कि पुलिस वाले उसे रास्ते में माल बेचने के अभियोग में गिरफ्तार कर ले गये हैं। उस कलाकार तथा अपने देश की हालत पर तो चार आँसू बहाने के सिवाय मेरे पास और कोई उपाय नहीं था।

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विद्यालय में काफी हलचल मचाई जा रही थी। सभी व्यक्ति अपने-अपने कार्य में व्यस्त थे। कहीं बत्ती का निरीक्षण किया जा रहा था तो कहीं 'हैलो-हैलो' की आवाज सुन पड़ती थी। कहीं हाल में क्रमानुसार पंखे चलाये जा रहे थे तो कहीं अध्यापक बड़ी चतुरता से लड़कों को जो कार्यकारिणी समिति के सदस्य थे, समझा रहे थे। बड़े-बड़े कलाकारों की बात थी। हारमोनियम, तबला, गीटर, बाँसुरी, सितार जैसे यन्त्रों की भरमार थी। टैक्सियों में कलाकार आ रहे थे। उनके गलों में सर्वप्रथम कुछ फूलों को बींध कर बनायी माला डाली जाती थी, फिर उनको गद्दों पर बैठाया जाता था। आज हमारे विद्यालय में 'कवि सम्मेलन' था। कवि सम्मेलन के पश्चात् हम कुछ लड़के लौट रहे थे तभी कुछ भीड़ मिली। हम सभी वहाँ खड़े हो गये। हमने देखा कि अन्धा लड़का हाथ में दो टुकड़ों को ले बजा रहा था। वह सूरदास के प्रसिद्ध पद 'मैया! मैं नहीं माखन खायो' गा रहा था। मैं आनन्द विभोर हो गया। लोग झूम झूम कर आनन्द उठा रहे थे। किन्तु ज्योंही अन्तिम पंक्ति 'सूरदास! यह जसुमति को सुख शिव-विरंचि नहीं पायो,' वह दुहराने लगा त्योंही लोग पैसा देने के डर से धीरे-धीरे खिसकने लगे। उस गाने के पश्चात् उसे क्या मिला ? एक दयालु का एक नया पैसा जो उसकी किस्मत पर रो रहा था। मैंने जेब में हाथ डाला और बची हुई इकन्नी उसे दे दी। मैंने उसके लिए अपने मूल्यवान ५ रु०के नोट को तुड़वाना अच्छा न समझा।

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इस घटना के साथ ही मुझे शर्मा जी की याद आती है जो घिस पिट कर चित्रकार बन एक चित्रशाला में प्रोफेसर बन गये और दो बाबू मेरे पड़ोसी की लड़की को सर-फोड़म (भारत नाट्यम) सिखाने के क्रम में सुबह मेरी अनमोल नींद तोड़ देते थे जब कि हमारे वास्तविक रवि-शङ्कर और तानसेन भीख माँगते हैं।

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अल्मोड़े और रानीखेत की यात्रा

ललित रैणा, छठी श्रेणी

हमलोग १५ मई रविवार के दिन पंजाब मेल पर चढ़ कर कलकत्ते से लखनऊ के लिए रवाना हो गये। उसी डब्बे में एक कबड्डी की टीम अमृतसर खेलने जा रही थी। हमलोगों ने उनके साथ कुछ बात-चीत भी की।

हमलोगों ने एक रात ट्रेन में बितायी और दूसरे दिन करीब ढाई बजे हम लखनऊ पहुँचे। वहाँ हमलोगों ने नहाया तथा खाना खाया। उसके बाद हमलोग छोटी लाइन पर चलने वाली छोटी गाड़ी वाले स्टेशन पर आ पहुँचे। वहाँ हमलोगों ने ५-६ बजे सामान छोटी गाड़ी पर रखवाया। ९ बजे रात को छोटी गाड़ी लखनऊ से काठगोदाम चल पड़ी।

छोटी गाड़ी बहुत छोटी होती है। इसका एक डिब्बा बहुत छोटा होता है।

हमलोगों ने रात को ट्रेन में ही खाना खाया। हमलोगों के पास कुछ और लोग बैठे थे। वे लोग हल्द्वानी में उतर गये। हल्द्वानी एक बड़ा स्टेशन है। यह काठगोदाम से पहले आता है। उसके बाद हम काठगोदाम पहुँचे।

उसके बाद हमलोगों ने वहाँ जल्दी-जल्दी नहाया और चाय पी और फिर बस पर चढ़कर अल्मोड़े की ओर चल पड़े। काठगोदाम से कुछ दूर पर भवाली एक पहाड़ी जगह है। यहाँ हमलोगों ने काफल नाम का फल देखा। हमलोगों ने उसे खाकर देखा। वह एक दम शहतूत की तरह था।

उसके दो घण्टे बाद हम गर्म पानी पहुँचे। वहाँ हमलोगों ने खाना खाया। वहाँ का पानी बहुत ठंडा था।

उसके बाद हम दो बजे अल्मोड़ा पहुँचे। वहाँ हमारे मौसाजी खड़े थे। वे हमें अपने घर ले गये।

अल्मोड़ा एक पहाड़ी स्थान है। यहाँ पर भी ऊँचे-ऊँचे पहाड़ हैं। यहाँ अबरक बहुत होता है। यहाँ जिधर देखिये आपको अबरक दिखाई देगा, यहाँ तक कि पानी में भी अबरक मिला होता है।

अल्मोड़े में हर रोज शाम को घूमने जाया करते थे। एक दिन हम लोग एक पार्क के पास पहुँचे। हमलोग अन्दर घुस गये। अन्दर एक तालाब था। उसमें मछलियाँ थीं।

आखिर कुछ दिन बाद हमलोगों ने सोचा—चलो रानी खेत भी चलें एक दिन तय हो गया।

सुबह ६॥ बजे हम बस पर चढ़ कर रानीखेत के लिए निकल पड़े। रास्ते में हमलोगों ने देवदार के बड़े-बड़े वृक्ष देखे, जिनकी छालें जगह जगह कटी हुई थीं और उनके नीचे कटोरे लगे थे जिनसे गोंद गिरता था।

आखिर हम रानीखेत पहुँचे। वहाँ हम स्टेट बैंक आफ इण्डिया के एजेण्ट के घर ठहरे। यहाँ चौबाटिया नाम का एक अच्छा बगीचा है। हम लोगों ने वहाँ झूले, खाये, खेले, कूदे। इसके बाद हम उस बगीचे में घूमें। वहाँ बहुत तरह के सेब थे। वहाँ एक लेबोरेटरी भी थी। बहुत कुछ देखने के बाद हमने उसी होटल में खाना खाया और उसके बाद हम वापिस रानीखेत आये। वहाँ से हम फिर बस पर चढ़कर अल्मोड़ा पहुँचे। अल्मोड़ा में कुछ दिन रहने के बाद नैनीताल जाने का विचार किया, पर पिताजी की तबीयत खराब हो जाने के कारण हमलोग नहीं जा सके। आखिर हम एक दिन बस पर चढ़कर नैनीताल की ओर चले। रास्ते में दूर से नैनीताल को सलाम किया। उसके बाद हम काठगोदाम पहुँचे। वहाँ ७ बजे शाम को खाना खा लेने के बाद हम ट्रेन पर चढ़कर लखनऊ पहुँचे। पिताजी ने कहा कि चलो लखनऊ भी घूम आयें।

हमलोग एक साइकिल रिक्शा पर चढ़कर बड़ा इमामबाड़ा देखने गये। वहाँ हमलोगों ने सुना तो पता लगा कि इमामबाड़ा को आसफउल्लाह ने बनवाया है। उसी के साथ भूल-भुलैया नाम का एक महल है। उसके अन्दर चले जाने के बाद बिना गार्ड के निकलना मुश्किल है। हमलोग गार्ड के साथ उसके अन्दर गए। हमें यह देखकर आश्चर्य हुआ कि वहाँ किसी भी कोने से धीरे से बोलने से दूसरे कोने में सुनाई पड़ता है।

उसके बाद हम पिक्चर पेलेस गये। वहाँ राजाओं के फोटो थे। उनमें आश्चर्यजनक बात यह थी कि आप जिधर से देखिये फोटो आपको दीखेगा। इसके बाद हमलोग फिर ट्रेन पर चढ़कर वापिस कलकत्ते पहुँचे।



मेरी कश्मीर यात्रा

इन्द्रा मुन्शी

स्कूल के बन्द हो जाने के साथ-साथ या कुछ दिन पहले हमारे घर में कश्मीर जाने के लिये बिस्तरा बँधा। कश्मीर गए बहुत दिन हो गये थे, अतएव जाना जरूरी हो गया था। भाईसाहब और भइया किसी कारण वश नहीं जा सके पर हमें विदा करने के लिये स्टेशन पर तो जरूर ही आये। ठीक समय पर गाड़ी चल दी और हम कलकत्ता से विदा हुए। टिकट तो हमने पहले ही से रिजर्भ करवा रखी थी इसलिये हमें किसी प्रकार की तकलीफ नहीं हुई और हम हँसते-खेलते पठानकोट पहुंचे। पठानकोट से बस में रवाना हुए और जम्मू पहुंचे। वहाँ जो उतरे सो उतरे ही रह गये। बड़ी मुश्किल से चौथे दिन चढ़ पाये। इन चार दिनों में जो बुरी हालत मेरी हुई भगवान करें वह किसी की न हो। रास्ता खराब होने के कारण बस आगे चल नहीं सकती थी। इन चार दिनों में हमें यही सुनना पड़ता था कि बस अब निकलेगी, नहीं निकलेगी। जिस होटल में हम ठहरे, उसका नाम काफी बड़ा था पर ज्यादा पैसा देने पर भी होटल तो कम, पर धर्मशाला अधिक बन गया था। एक कमरा खाना न खाने लायक और इस मुसीबत से तंग आ हम वापस आने की सोचने लगे। किन्तु चौथे दिन ईश्वर की कृपा से बस निकली और किसी तरह अल्लाह-अल्लाह करते हम उसी दिन शाम को छः बजे श्रीनगर पहुँचे।

पहुंचने के साथ ही साथ हमें अपने-अपने गरम कपड़े पहनने पड़े। डेडी मम्मी को तो इतनी सर्दी नहीं लग रही थी पर मेरी तो जान ही जा रही थी। कुछ देर पश्चात् हम घर पहुंचे और वहाँ सभी खुश थे और हम काफी देर तक रात को बातें करते रह गये। दूसरे दिन कुछ तो सफर की थकावट और कुछ सर्दी होने के कारण हम देर से ही उठे। सर्दी भी काफी थी और मूसलाधार वर्षा भी हो रही थी। इस तरह पानी सात दिन तक बरसता रहा। इन दिनों आने जाने का सवाल ही गलत था। अतएव हम कहीं भी न जा सके। फिर पानी कुछ कम हुआ और हम खीर भवानी गये। वहाँ हमने हवन भी किया। हवन करते देखना मेरी दूसरी बार थी। फिर हम हारी पर्वत भी गये जहाँ कि सीढ़ियों पर चढ़ना कभी नहीं भूलेगा। वर्षा, ठंडक से बचते हुए गुलमर्ग, चश्मेशाही, नेहरू पार्क एवं मुगल बगीचों में घूम आये। लोग इन स्थानों को पसन्द करते हैं और मैंने भी किया, पर कश्मीर में सबसे अच्छा अपना घर ही लगा।

इस प्रकार तीन महीने के बाद कश्मीर की मधुर यादों को समेट हम कलकत्ता वापस लौट आये।

———

अरिणमाल की एक छोटी रचना

कश्मीरी

अद कर इयम तय ?
बरसय मलर्यव मलर्यव
चेयि ना सन मस, चावि ना सन मस ?
कमि सोनि ह'वनस तन ?
क'ल्य हय वुहवनम
प्यठ संगरन
हलि छुस खंजर तय
तीर ला'यन पोशि-पंजरन
चेयि ना सन मस चावि ना सन मस ?

कब आयेंगे प्राण ?
भरूँगी मैं प्याले पर प्याला !
क्या न पियेंगे ?
मुझे पिलायेंगे न प्रणय की हाला ?
आह ! शैल पर कल कितने
विष भरे शब्द वे बोले ?
किस पर रीझे ? किस बाला के
सम्मोहन में डोले ?
अरे, कमर में लिए कटारी चलते
हैं वे 'भोले' !
प्रणय-शरों से बींध हमारे
सुमन - वक्ष को डाला !
अब आयेंगे नहीं ?
भरूँ जो मैं प्याले पर प्याला !

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1. 1318 Activity Basic Schools were established.
2. 65 Primary Schools were converted into Basic Activity Schools.
3. The number of Primary Schools, Middle Schools and High or Higher Secondary Institutions which stood at 2852,535 and 262 respectively by the end of Second Five Year Plan will rise to 4852, 835 and 312 respectively by the end of Third Five Year Plan.
4. Two Polytechnics, one in Jammu and the other in Srinagar were established. Also an Engineering College has been started in Nasim Bagh, Srinagar.
5. Rs. 9.35 lakhs were spent on Youth Welfare Schemes.
6. Scholarships to the tune of Rs. 6.55 were spent for the students belonging to backward classes.
7. One medical college has been established at Srinagar.
8. Two Agricultural Colleges one at Sopore (Kashmir) and the other at R. S. Pora (Jammu) have been opened.
9. The State has a teaching and Examining University which runs six Post-Graduate Departments, namely English, Mathematics, Hindi, Geology and Economics.

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KASHMIR SABHA

KASHMIR SABHA

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1961—62.

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AIMS & OBJECTS OF THE SABHA

1. To foster and encourage social and cultural contacts and welfare activities among its members in particular and the Kashmiri Pandit Community in general.

2. To meet at and observe together the social, cultural, and other festivals in which Kashmiri Pandit Community is interested.

3. To provide aid and relief, to the extent possible, the authenticated and deserving cases of distress in the Community.

4. To discuss problems of common interest and take steps to represent, wherever necessary, the interests of its members in particular and the Kashmiri Pandit Community in general.

5. To purchase, acquire and/or otherwise obtain property both movable and immovable, and receive donations etc., for furthering the aims and objects of the Sabha.

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